★ Sept. 30, 1944

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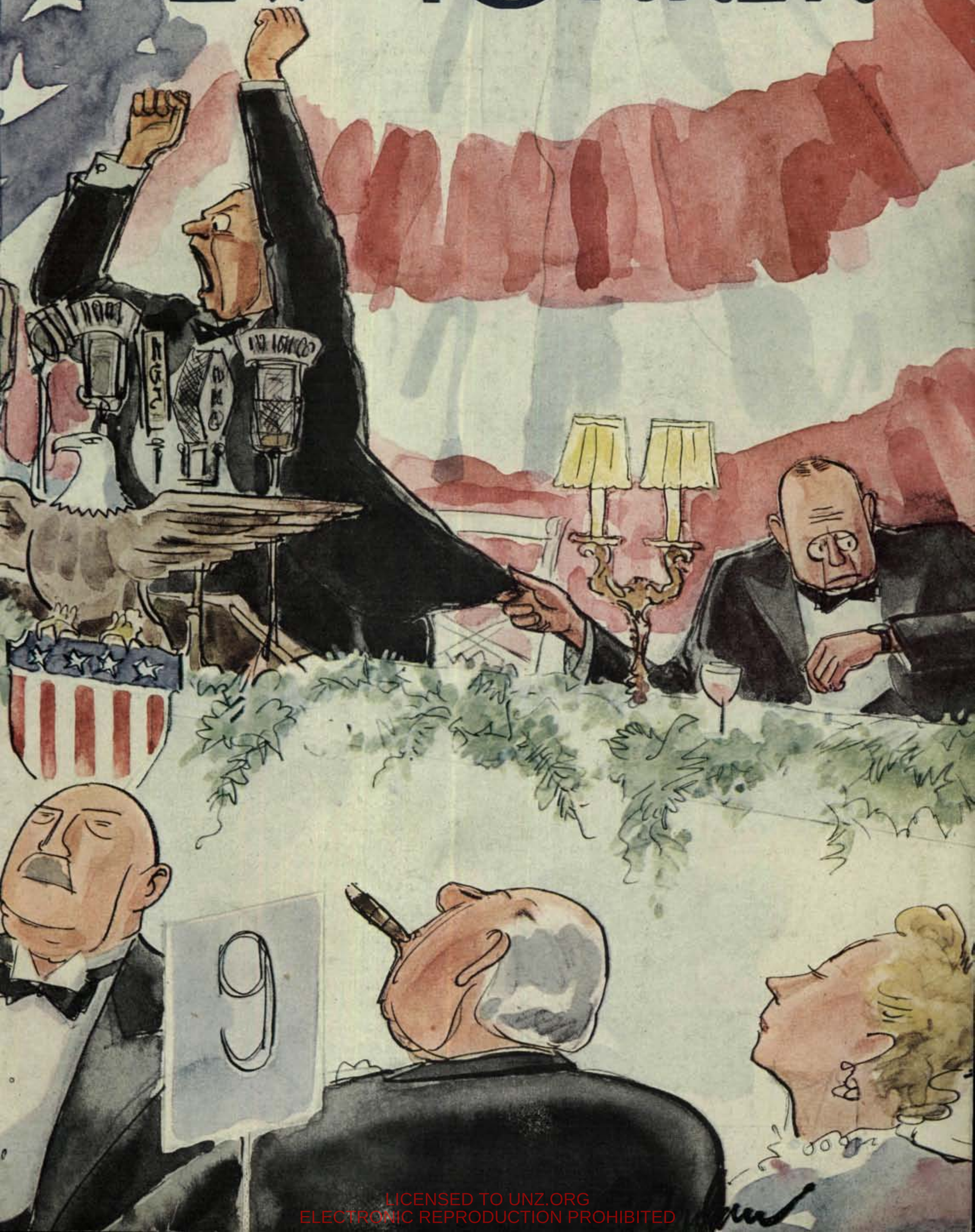
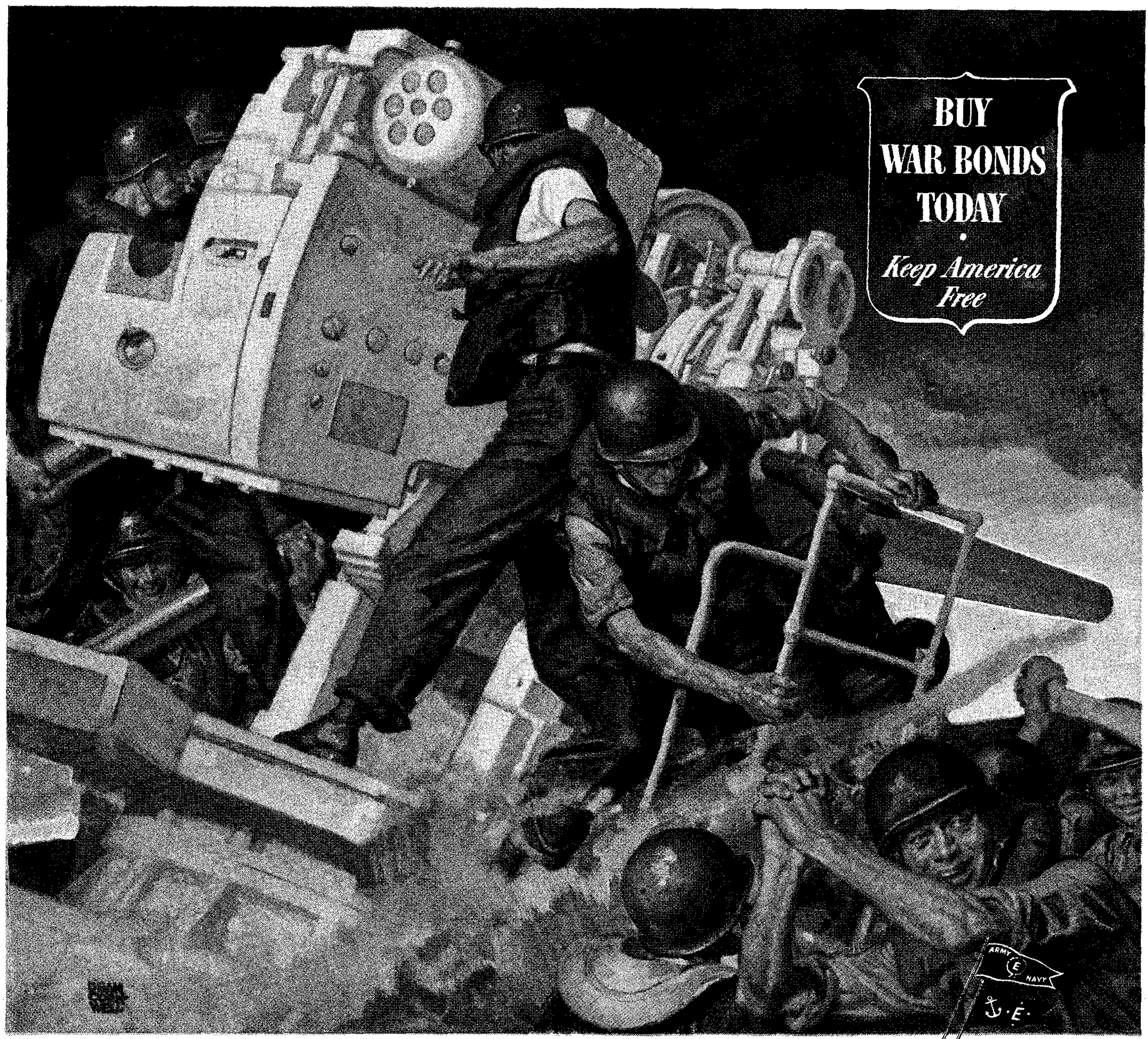
THE NEW YORKER





The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

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• • •

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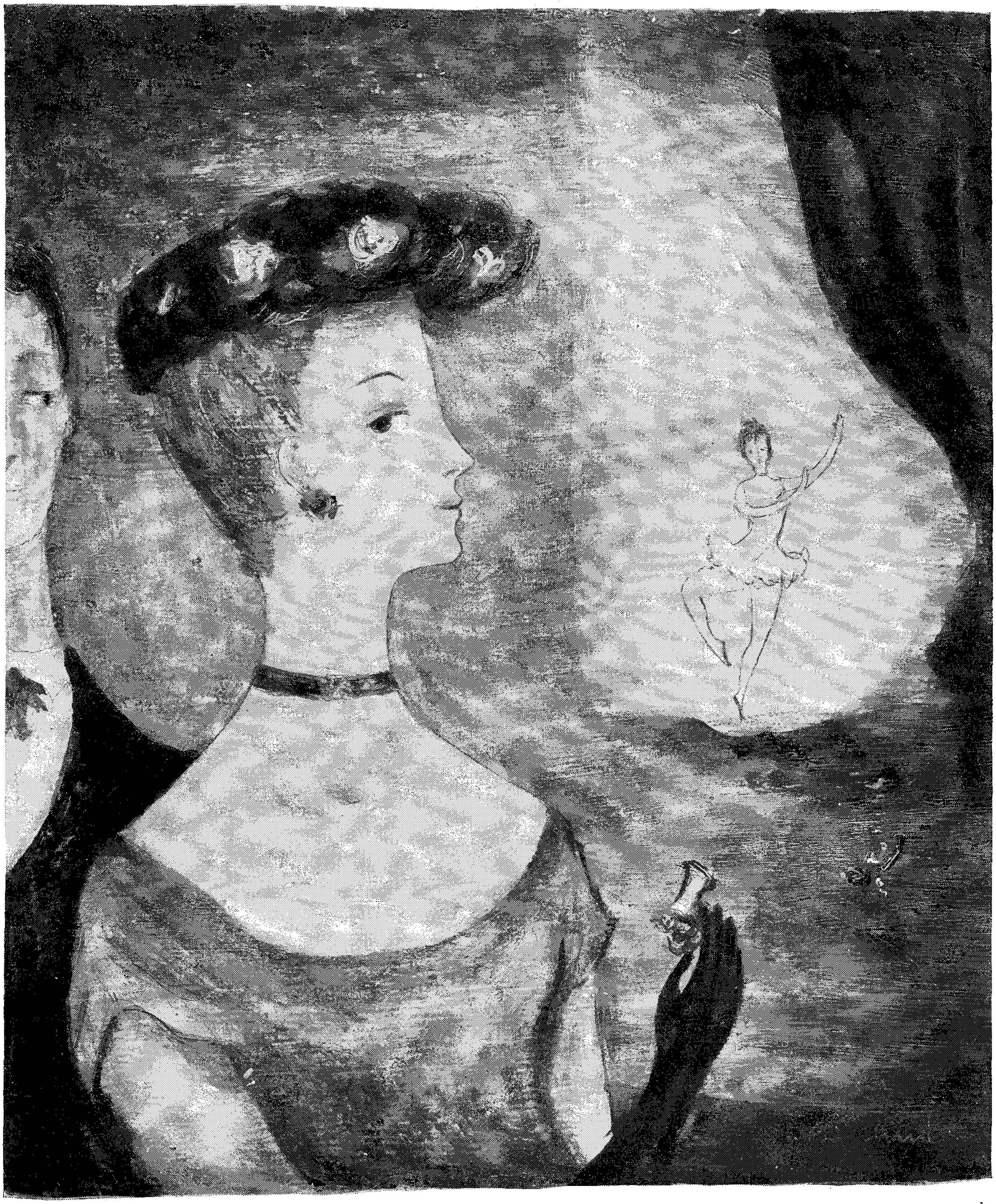
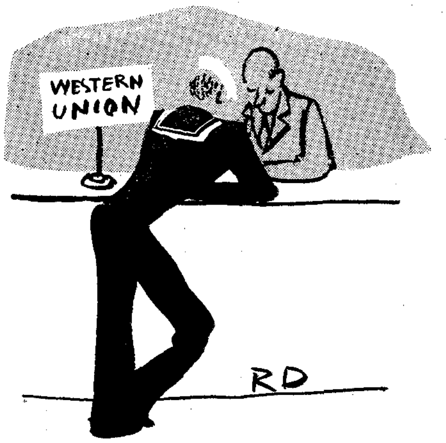


Your legs will look lovelier always in
"Kant Run" stockings by Berkshire.
Snags stop where they start —
Lord & Taylor — New York and Manhasset

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Moves on Sun., Oct. 1, to the Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

ANNA LUCASTA—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

CATHERINE WAS GREAT—Mae West's own version of Russian history. Miss West has abandoned Diamond Lil for what looks like a parody of Helen Hayes, and the whole performance is pretty unfortunate. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Tues., Oct. 3, to the Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Helen Hayes in a brief return engagement of this play about the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Wed., Oct. 4.)

JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL—Franz Werfel's play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

KISS AND TELL—Rather frail George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads the cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is rounding out its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

PICK-UP GIRL—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE SEARCHING WIND—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WHILE THE SUN SHINES—Terence Rattigan's completely typical English drawing-room comedy mainly about an earl, the daughter of a duke, and an American bombardier. Stanley Bell and Anne Burr are the titled lovers. George S. Kaufman directed them. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

CARMEN JONES—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in a four-week return engagement of the New Opera Company's production of this operetta. Opens Sat., Oct. 7. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MEXICAN HAYRIDE—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C. D. V. O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SONG OF NORWAY—A handsome operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

STAR TIME—Lou Holtz in charge of a rather routine collection of vaudeville acts, including Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, and the Berry Brothers. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

THE ODDS ON MISS OAKLEY—Joy Hodges, John Archer, and Bruce MacFarland in a farce by Harry Segall. Directed by Arthur Sircom and produced by Robert Reud. Opens Mon., Oct. 2. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MEN TO THE SEA—Toni Gilman, Maggie Gould, and Randolph Echols in a play by Herbert Kubly. Produced by Dave Wolper and staged by Eddie Dowling. Opens Tues., Oct. 3. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

SOLDIER'S WIFE—Martha Scott and Myron McCormick in a play by Rose Franken. Directed by Miss Franken and produced by William Brown Meloney. Opens Wed., Oct. 4. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

BLOOMER GIRL—Celeste Holm, Margaret Douglass, Joan McCracken, and David Brooks in a musical comedy with songs by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg, and dances by Agnes de Mille. Produced by John C. Wilson and Nat Goldstone. Opens Thurs., Oct. 5. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

RODEO—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, starting Wed., Oct. 4, at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

VARIETY SHOW—A program by Jimmy Savo, Richard Dyer-Bennet, Mary Lou Williams, and several others. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Fri., Sept. 29, at 8:30 P.M.)

ICE SHOW—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and "A Musical Revue with Jerry," Sat., Oct. 7, at 10:30 A.M. and 1 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra supplying polite dance music to a polite audience.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice show constructed around the pink and beautiful Joan Hyldoft. Enoch Light's orchestra for dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Burl Ives, and Ed Hall's orchestra—in other words, your money's worth.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Night life in a Greyhound Bus terminal. Joe E. Lewis supplies the humor for a rather incoherent show, and there is Abe Lyman's orchestra to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has Adrian Rollini's Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras for dancing.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Down in

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	64
THE CURRENT CINEMA	48
LETTER FROM PARIS	56
OF ALL THINGS	36
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	50
MARKETS AND MENUS	52
THE RACE TRACK	55
A REPORTER AT LARGE	38
THE THEATRE	34

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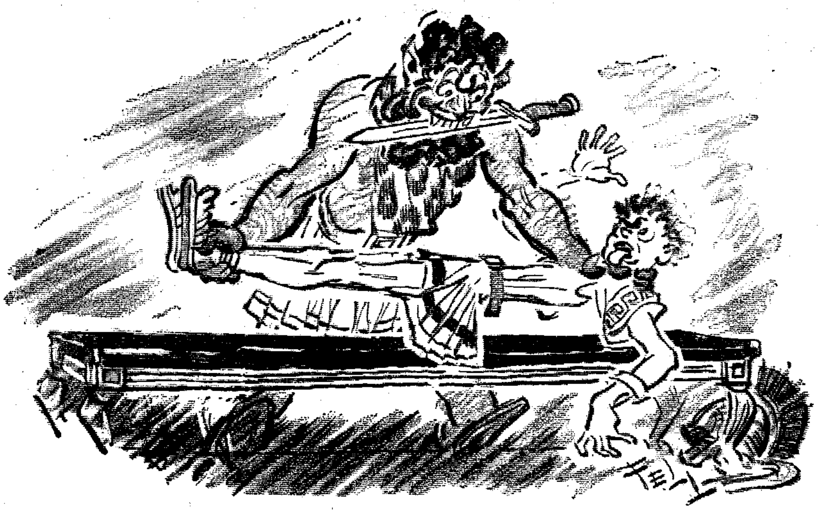
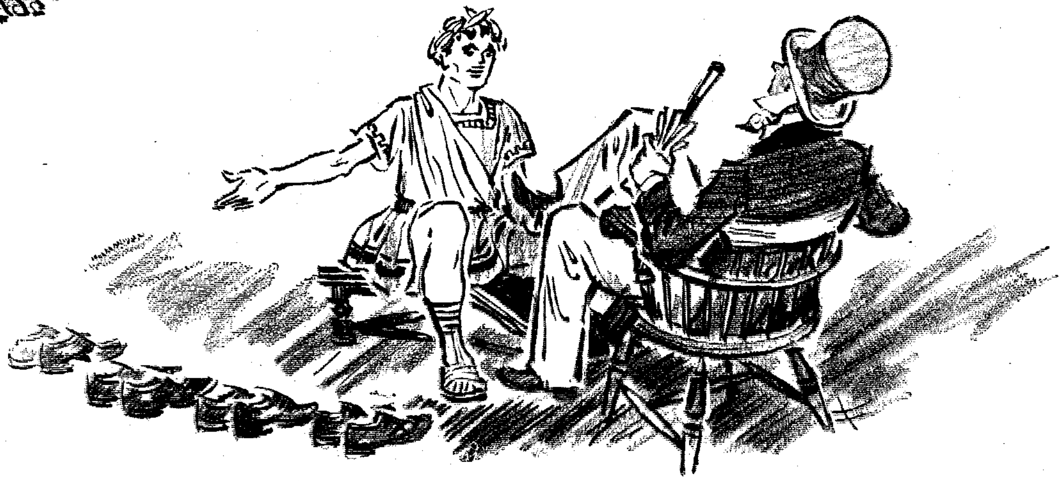


PROCRUSTES
was a stickler for
FIT

In his mythology, Bullfinch gives us a profile of Procrustes. It appears that "Crustes" had a quaint notion that all his visitors must fit a certain bed in his guest room. The short ones he'd stretch, while the tall fellows were trimmed to size. Anyway, the bed—and not the customer—was always right. Effective as the Procrustes system may have been, Mr. Maximus Lefcourtes (of our Men's Shoe Shop) will have none of it . . . He anticipates. So, when feet walk in, he is ready with a perfectly amazing selection of lasts, lengths and widths together with innumerable odd combinations for those who imagine they are hard to fit. The shoes that line our shop are but a fraction of Maximus' stock. Go with him to the labyrinths, and view the thousands of sound, practical arguments that prove the superiority of the Lefcourtes system to that of Procrustes.

Saks Fifth Avenue

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK 22



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

those beautiful tropics where the beguines begin. Tropical music by Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, straight stuff by Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dr. Giovanni, the eminent pickpocket, heads the show in the Cotillion Room and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room comes out of its hibernation on Tues., Oct. 3, with Bob Grant's orchestra, which is sweet but not cloying, and Mark Monte's ensemble, which is ditto.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—On Thurs., Oct. 5, Fred Miller's orchestra will move from the Roof to the Iridium Room, where there will also be a small show.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers Irwin Fielding's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof will be open through Wed., Oct. 4, with Nat Brandwynne's band for dinner and supper and a trio of acrobats and Mischa Borr's orchestra after the theatre. On the following night the orchestras move downstairs to the Wedgwood Room, where there will be a new supper show, headed by Victor Borge. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a show headed by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, those bright if slightly disconnected comedians. Dawn, Day, and Dusk and the Cedric Wallace Trio are capable assistants. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by the Bernard Brothers and a widespread variety of music by Richard Dyer-Bennet, the Herman Chittison Trio, Stuart Ross, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her little numbers about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Ted Hunter's piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske sings (if that's the word for it) at the supper hour and Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band play throughout the evening. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): the Russian food is wonderful; the Russian entertainment is—well, Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra, which will be replaced by Frankie Carle's on Mon., Oct. 2. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's talented band at work; in between times, James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith play some neat piano. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by Hot Lips Page's new quintet and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's trio and Eddie Heywood's orchestra make very nice listening. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp are the high (and hot) spots of the band here. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, Harry Gibson's frantic piano, and Billie Holiday's sombre songs; par for any course. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just an old hole in the ground, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

George Biddle—The European war as Mr. Biddle sees it: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 29.

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FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28,
THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—About six hundred of the twenty thousand prints made by the Mexican, Posada. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Folk Art—Late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century art from New England and New York: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30.

French—Landscapes, most of them Impressionist: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30.

Oronzo Gasparo—Water colors and a few oils: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30.

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: the annual pre-season show of paintings by American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Fletcher Martin, and William Thon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Oct. 14. . . . **PUMA,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: an early and a recent work by each of forty painters and sculptors; included are George Grosz, Adolf Dehn, William Gropper, and Thomas Benton. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 21. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: recent paintings and water colors by twenty-five or more contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: modern French and American paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 6. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Andrew Wyeth, Peter Hurd, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

Huseyin Halit—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 5.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters back from their hideaway in Whitemarsh, Pa.; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sat., Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—About a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19); also (through Nov. 12) American battle paintings, from 1776 to 1918. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

William Palmer—Small oils and wash drawings, mostly landscapes: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

Karl Priebe—Recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7.

Abraham Rattner—Recent paintings by an American colorist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Open for the season with an exhibit selected from the permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

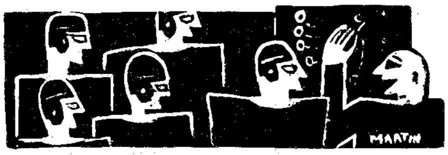
Note—The semiannual outdoor art show in Washington Square will be held Fri., Sept. 29, through Wed., Oct. 11, from 12 noon until dark.

MUSIC

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Opening concerts of the season, Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 5, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., Oct. 6, at 2:30 P.M. (CI 7-7460).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. Tues., Oct. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Salmaggi Opera—"La Traviata," Sat., Oct. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)



Russian Choruses—General Platoff's Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, Sun., Oct. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.) . . . Serge Jaroff's Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 6-7, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

Erica Morini—Violin. Sat., Oct. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs. through Sun., Sept. 28-Oct. 1, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. through Sun., Sept. 28-Oct. 1, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Willie Pep vs. Chalky Wright, for the world featherweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., Sept. 29. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Football—College games—Sat., Sept. 30: Columbia vs. Union, Baker Field, at 3 P.M. . . . Sat., Oct. 7: Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field, at 3 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Lafayette, Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.

War Bond Game—All-star service team from Camp Kilmer vs. Brooklyn Tigers, Ebbets Field, Mon., Oct. 2, at 8:45 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Bonds.)

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7. (The Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Sept. 30; the Ladies' Handicap, Oct. 3; Grand National Steeplechase, Oct. 4; Champagne Stakes and New York Handicap, Oct. 7.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station weekdays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Trotting—Daily at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, at 8:40 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 30; a benefit for war charities. (A special train leaves Penn Station daily at 7:03 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground; also, the development of our Navy from 1776 on, graphically presented by means of four hundred models, including every type of vessel now in service. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **AMERICAN RELIEF FOR FRANCE,** 457 Madison, at 51: a photographic exhibit of Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French Underground. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 29.

Harvest Show—New York City Victory gardeners exhibiting their prize vegetables, flowers, and canned goods: C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42; Thurs., Sept. 28, from 1 to 9 P.M.; Fri., Sept. 29, from 9:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.; and Sat., Sept. 30, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plans for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., demonstrated by a large exhibition of scale models, maps, and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; and Wed., Fri., and Sat., 12 noon to 9 P.M.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, Spanish rugs, and objects of art, owned by the late Mrs. Christian R. Holmes: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 28-30, at 2 P.M. . . . French books from the library of Professor Charles Huguenin: Tues., Oct. 3, at 2 P.M.

Note—The Post Office is now accepting Christmas packages, without a letter of request, for service men overseas. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men in all branches of the service must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

ON THE AIR

Campaign Speech—President Roosevelt, in a program with several other speakers: Thurs., Oct. 5, at 10 P.M., WABC, WOR.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting; soloist, Helen Traubel, Sun., Oct. 1, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Sept. 30, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 7, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Sept. 30 and Oct. 7, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Willie Pep vs. Chalky Wright, Fri., Sept. 29, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football:

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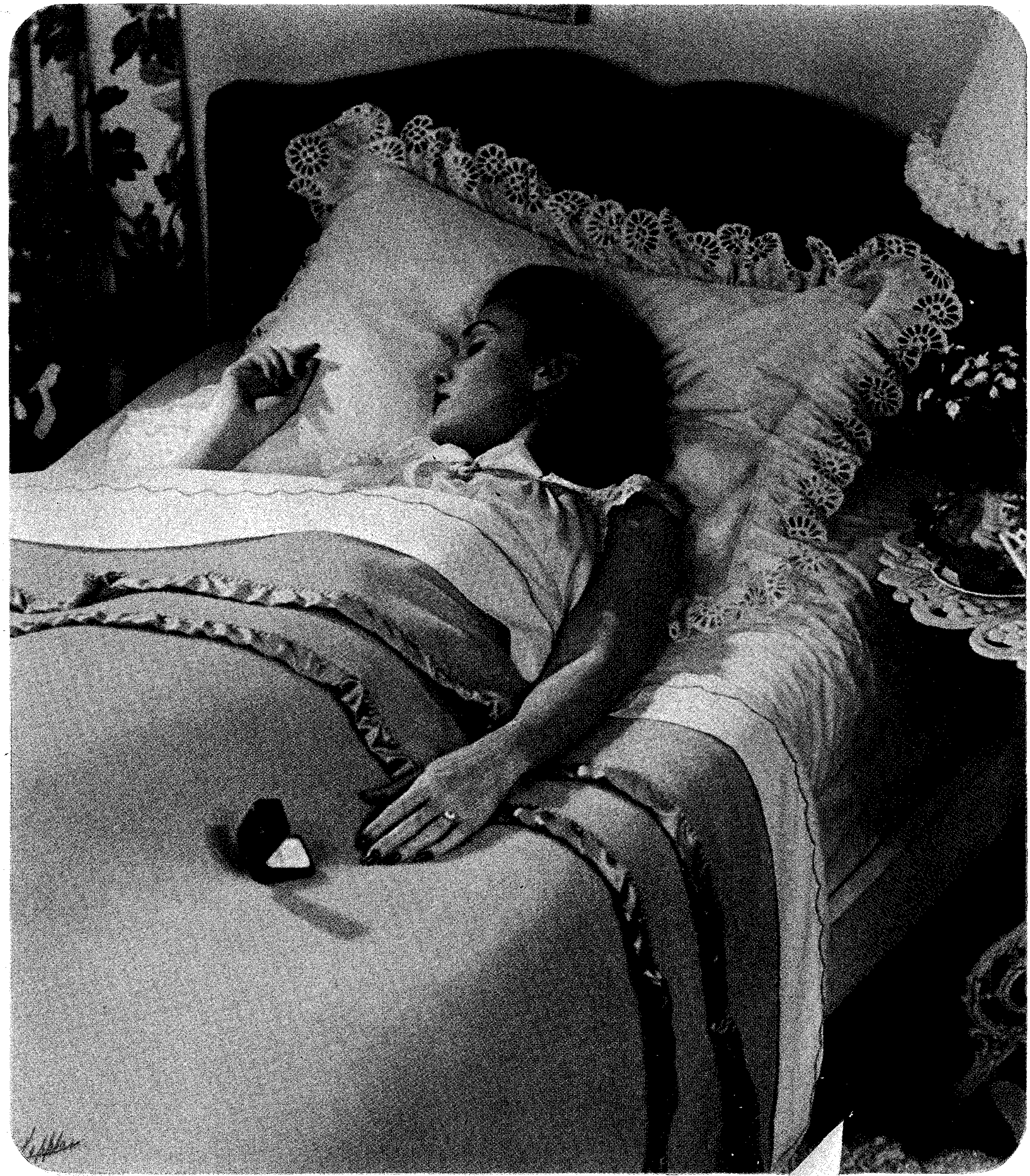

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pittsburgh vs. Notre Dame, Sat., Sept. 30, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Army vs. North Carolina, Sat., Sept. 30, at 2:30 P.M., WABC, WEAF. . . . Baseball: World Series, Wed. through Fri., Oct. 4-6, at 2:45 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., and Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

This listing covers the ten days from Thursday, September 28, through Saturday, October 7.

Arsenic and Old Lace—Some of the original Broadway players, plus Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, make a good thing of this adaptation of the lighthearted Brooklyn poison classic. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Casanova Brown—A farce sometimes droll and sometimes slightly painful, with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Double Indemnity—Violent and fairly relentless murder story, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. Based on the novel by James Cain. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

The Eve of St. Mark—A revised and improved edition of Maxwell Anderson's play about a G.I. on furlough and at war, featuring fine performances by William Eythe, Anne Baxter, and Vincent Price. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4.)

48 Hours—One of those deft British jobs in which every character is a character. This one is about a village under attack by German paratroops. Leslie Banks and others. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4.)

Going My Way—Light, agreeable tribute to the Catholic clergy, with Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Sept. 28.)

The Hitler Gang—A realistic dramatization of the early crimes of the Hitler administration. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and a girl named Poldy Dur. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Oct. 2.)

Home in Indiana—A fine, easygoing movie about life in the Midwestern harness-racing belt. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., Oct. 4.)

The Impatient Years—Slim but funny story of the reunion of a soldier and his bride. Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn do the picture no harm at all. (Criterion, B'way at 44; through Tues., Oct. 3.)

Kismet—Worth your time only if you feel inclined to feast your eyes upon Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich at their most photogenic. Edward Arnold and Joy Ann Page also appear in this Technicolored tour of Bagdad. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—The biography of an imaginary but versatile felon. It's slow, but it has a lot of villainy. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Zachary Scott. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Sept. 28. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 3-5.)

Mr. Skeffington—A long, uneven one about a man and his skittish wife. You've got to like Bette Davis, but many do. She's the wife and Claude Rains is the man. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Mon., Oct. 2. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 29-Oct. 2. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 29-Oct. 5. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 30-Oct. 3. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 2-4. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 4-6.)

Once Upon a Time—The consequences of a man's discovering a dancing caterpillar. Cary Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, and Ted Donaldson. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 1-3.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A big variety show, too long but much better than most, mainly because of Jimmy Durante. There's also Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, and Ben Blue. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 28. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 29-Oct. 2.)

Wilson—Not dynamite by any means, but lively and full of showmanship. Darryl Zanuck throws the works at you, including Technicolor, and is warmly sympathetic to the League of Nations and its late champion, played by Alexander Knox. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Wing and a Prayer—This story of carrier fighting in the Pacific is plainly but stirringly told, with Charles Bickford, Don Ameche, and other performers (all male) doing their stuff with commendable restraint. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., Sept. 29.)

Note—"Battle for the Marianas," a new short documentary film, will be shown at all Loew's and R.K.O. theatres Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4. These terse and vivid action pictures were photographed by combat cameramen and are presented by the Marine Corps with no editorializing whatever.

REVIVALS

Across the Pacific (1942)—Spies and counter-spies. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 28.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4.)

Blackout (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 4-6.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 4-6.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4.)

Lady in Distress (1942)—British melodrama about a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 29-30.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 30.)

The North Star (1943)—The Lillian Hellman story about the Russians at peace and at war. Walter Huston, Anne Baxter and Erich von Stroheim. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 3-5.)

Pastor Hall (1940)—Germany in early Hitler days. Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Sept. 28.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 29-Oct. 2.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 1-3. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 3-5.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 29-30. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 1-2.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The old Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Sept. 28.)

Top Hat (1935)—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin music. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 3-5.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., OCT. 1: "Wild Bill Hickok" (1923), with William S. Hart. . . . FROM MON., OCT. 2: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men to take a short training course and then serve eight hours a week, during the late afternoon and evening, in the City Patrol Corps; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, *after completing* a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as librarians or aides in wards and clinics.

Note—The War Manpower Commission still needs recruits for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries through the month of October. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

National War Fund—The annual fund-raising campaign for war charities is on, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300), is recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Red Cross is greatly in need of Type O blood, to be flown overseas in whole-blood form. Volunteers who are Type O, as well as all other donors, whose blood is needed for plasma, are urged to call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army and the Marines have appealed for dogs to be trained immediately for overseas service. The Army wants good-sized dogs, from fourteen months to two years old, and gray or tan in color. The Marines need doberman pinschers and German shepherds, males only, between one and four years old and weighing at least sixty pounds. Owners who wish to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60 (PL 9-6470). . . . A drive is on to collect practical clothing, in good condition, to be sent to the liberated countries of Europe; contributions will be accepted by all churches and synagogues, which will turn them over to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration for distribution. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds *is needed for service camps both here and abroad*; at the moment there is a particular demand for writing tables, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Two organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for overseas Christmas kits.

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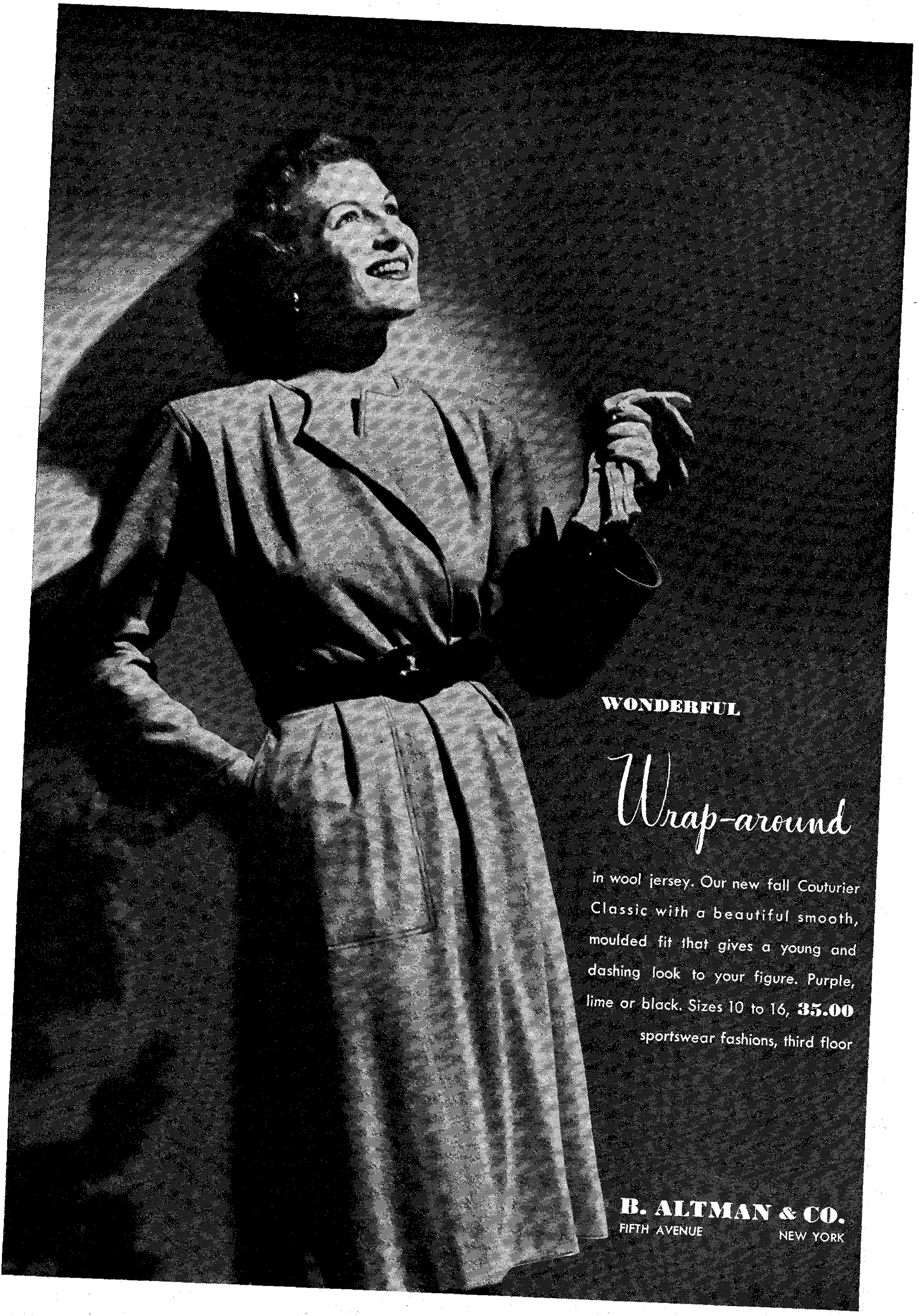

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THE
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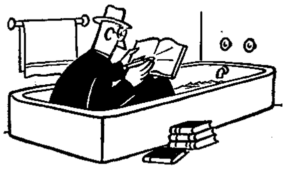
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

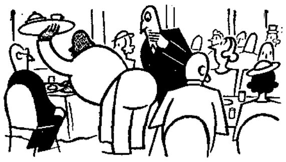
Notes and Comment

WE finished the important part of our Christmas shopping the other day—bought the last present, wrapped it, and mailed it overseas. As we relaxed in our chair later in the evening, with the harvest moon shining benignly upon us and the mosquitoes keening in the offing, we felt sure that when peace settles again upon the earth, September will continue to mean Christmas to the department stores. Once the mercantile world gets shoved ahead a couple of months, it stays put. Christmas in America is destined to be a four-month festival. It will start the day after Labor Day, which is usually one of the hottest and most difficult days of the year. Deck the halls with boughs and zinnias.

WE have a friend who is a member of the staff of an organization that reads and chooses books to send service men. He tells us that recently all their straight-backed chairs were taken away and replaced with upholstered easy chairs to make prolonged reading less of a strain. Things got a good deal pleasanter, he says, but he came to feel that it merely exaggerated the fundamental difference in perspective between his reading and that of the soldier and thus made him less well equipped to predict the soldier's taste. Our friend mulled the matter over for a few days, and finally began taking his books home to read under conditions more fully approximating the soldier's. He now reads sitting fully clothed in the bathtub, in two or three inches of water, by flashlight. He says it gives him an entirely new slant, particularly on all books dealing with the postwar world, the peace, and what to do with the Germans.



THE dining car of the postwar world is already on the drawing board, the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company announces. It is built according to an entirely new principle of seating called the "diagonal" principle. (There is a notion, apparently, that by twisting the tables a few degrees the Company can escape the unalterable fact that a waiter's behind sticks out into the aisle when he leans over.) Perhaps it's old-fashioned of us, but it seems to us that a dining car on a train suffers not from a lack of diagonals but from a lack of good food. The railroads are too ambitious and their minds are on finger bowls, on napkins, on celery and olives. We have sat through a hundred railroad banquets at which the white tablecloths blazed and decanters and coffeepots and flowing bowls of community crackers buzzed around our ears. They were ninety per cent sound and fury, these feasts. Our advice to the railroads is to forget diagonals, silver service, napery, and olives, and take up cooking. Our advice is to serve simpler meals and better ones. The roads should relax. As hosts, they are too ambitious, not subtle enough. Get thee a cook, railroads—never mind diagonals.



CANDIDATES for the job of President should be required to answer a few tough questions of an elementary nature. As things are, candidates get let off too easy and do not have to exert themselves mentally as much as an applicant for admission to a preparatory school. For example, Governor Dewey pointed out in one of his speeches that America will soon need to build one million homes, six million motor cars, three and a half million vacuum cleaners, seven million clocks, and three million washing machines. He brought the matter up as evidence of his belief in America and as an answer to the question of whether private enterprise should be given a break and a chance to disentangle itself from the confusions of bureaucracy. It seems to us that Dewey, if he aspires to the Presidency, should go on and answer the next question *after* that one. You don't have to be an economist to know that there will be an extraordinary demand for goods after the war or that American industry will be in a position to turn out cars, clocks, and vacuum cleaners at the speed it made planes, tanks, and guns. You don't even have to be an economist to know that after about three years of this sort of thing, the demand will subside to more moderate proportions but the factories will not shrink by so much as a quarter of an inch. This poses a question—what do you do about it? So far, Governor Dewey's only answer to that question is to say that depressions are caused by Democrats.

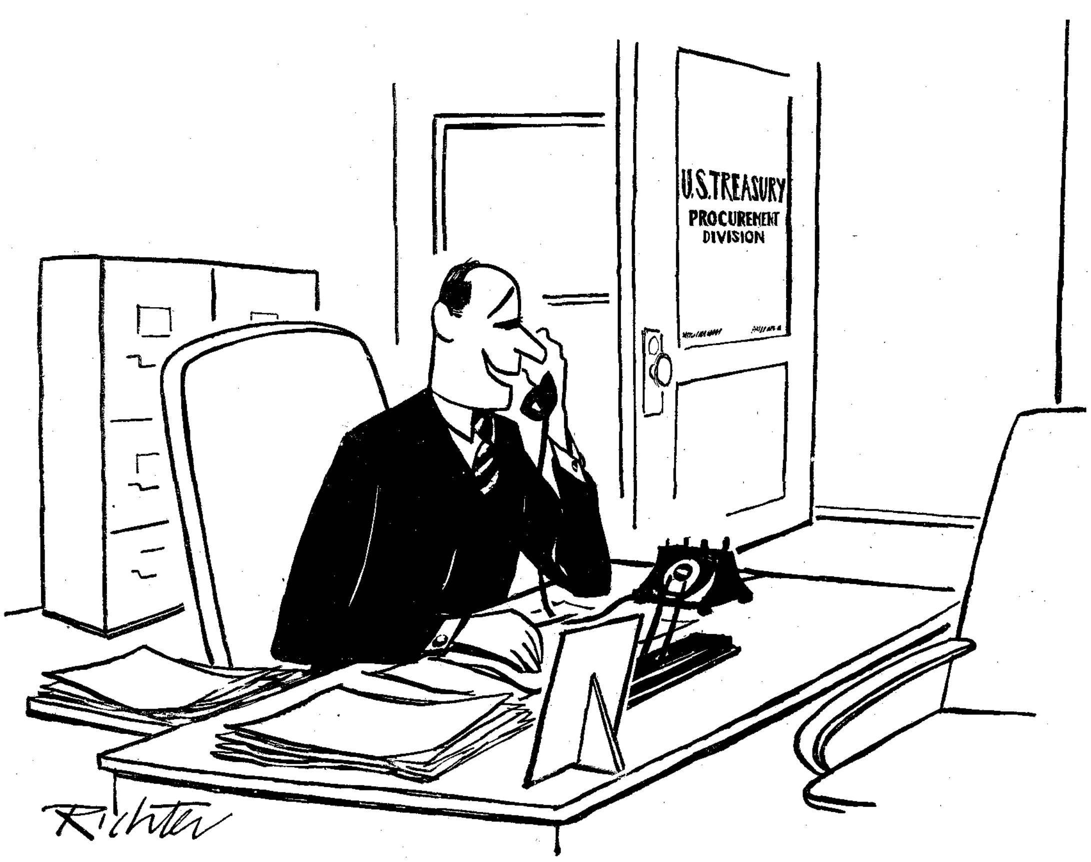
AND now, having annoyed the Governor by bringing up unpleasant things, we will provide him free of charge with a piece of campaign material. Way back last spring we dug up out of the hearings of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House the following passage at arms. Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-Republicans, we give you Mr. Vorys and Mr. Crowley:

MR. VORYS. Mr. Crowley, I share the high regard that others have mentioned, and you have my deep sympathy and high hopes that you can make some sense out of something here that I confess I cannot see through. You are the head of Foreign Economic Administration?

MR. CROWLEY. That is right, sir.

MR. VORYS. And under you is lend-lease, and do they still call it O. E. W.?

MR. CROWLEY. It is all consolidated



"So long, Ted, and thanks a billion!"

• •

now in Federal Economic Administration, but that did include O. E. W.

MR. VORYS. But the functions of our government that were conducted under O. E. W. and B. E. W. are under you?

MR. CROWLEY. That is right.

MR. VORYS. Do you still have under you O. F. R. R. O.?

MR. CROWLEY. Yes. That has been consolidated in Foreign Economic Administration.

MR. VORYS. Are we still going to have O. F. R. R. O. along with U. N. R. R. A.?

MR. CROWLEY. No. You see, O. F. R. R. O., O. E. W., and lend-lease have all been consolidated into one agency. All their functions are in one agency.

DR. EATON. Will the gentleman yield? What is that first?

MR. CROWLEY. O. F. R. R. O., Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations.

MR. JOHNSON. That is gone now.

MR. VORYS. Have we still any function such as O. F. R. R. O.?

MR. CROWLEY. When the Office of Foreign Relief was set up, there was no U. N. R. R. A. After U. N. R. R. A. is organized, a large part of the functions of O. F. R. R. O. will be transferred to it.

MR. VORYS. A large part? One hundred per cent, is that not true?

MR. CROWLEY. Yes, practically one hundred per cent.

Our Own Baedeker

SWITZERLAND, at whose borders our armies have come to a respectful halt, is a great place for statisticians. They have counted, for instance, 1,484 lakes and 12,980 other bodies of water too big to be called ponds, and figured out that there is an average of sixteen springs to the square mile. Switzerland's greatest length is two hundred and twenty-six miles, its greatest breadth a hundred and thirty-seven miles. It is about half the size of Maine and has a population of 4,265,703. One-fourth of the entire Alpine range lies within its borders and takes up three-fifths of its area. Switzerland also has her share of the Jura range, piffling little five-thousand-foot hills, and over a thousand glaciers, of which at least one is privately owned. Between the Alps and the Jura are what the Swiss call the lowlands. These are sixteen hundred feet above sea level. The weather men in Switzerland have as tough a problem as anybody there, for you can't generalize about Swiss weather. It's arctic here, sub-tropical there, temperate elsewhere, and thundershowers this afternoon and evening.

It is a matter of common knowledge that in the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland French, German, and Italian are spoken. Out of a thousand Swiss, seven hundred and nineteen speak German, two hundred and five French, sixty-five Italian, and eleven Romansch, a language dating back to the Roman occupation. Swiss parliamentarians can, and do, debate in any of the four languages. (Esperanto is taught in the schools, just to keep everyone on his toes linguistically.) Further, each town is inclined to develop a dialect of its own, sprinkled with hybrid words. In Berne, for example, the name for watch is *skeloretti*, from the French *"Quelle heure est-il?"*

The zipper and the bouillon cube were both invented in Switzerland, and from there we get Suchard chocolate, watch movements, and Gruyère cheese. The Swiss also gave us the kindergarten and Dalcroze eurythmics. They're great people for keeping up family ties, and have as many kinfolk as our own Southerners. Switzerland is one of the most highly industrialized countries of Europe, seventy-seven per cent of its workers being engaged in industrial pursuits. It imports almost all of its raw material and is totally dependent on its export trade, which is one of the reasons it has been such a good thing for Germany. There will be a quiet showdown with Germany when the Allies begin preëmptive buying there. More electric power is produced in Switzerland than in any other area of the same size in Europe—all those mountain rivers and waterfalls. The Alps, like any other mountains, are subject to erosion, but not enough to worry about; a Swiss statistician once figured out that one peak had been lowered thirty-nine inches in the past four thousand years. The country has 3,367 miles of railroads, which run across 4,928 bridges and through 658 tunnels. Everybody travels third class, because the Swiss all feel the way Calvin Coolidge did about ostentation.

Until 1890 the Swiss knew nothing about skiing. Before that they just used the toboggan. The first time anybody was known to have gone tobogganing just for the fun of it was when the sister of Louis XI went swishing down the Great St. Bernard Pass. The brandy-bearing dogs still ply that pass, but they have grown short-tempered through inbreeding and are as likely to take a bite out of you as offer you a snort. Swiss recreation includes fancy flag swinging, a game called *Hornussen* (hornets), which is not unlike hockey, and, on a lesser scale, cow fighting, which consists of getting two cows to lock horns and push each other around. There are frequent community songfests and yodelling contests which last five or six days. The peasants eat five meals a day. The menfolk keep a big supply of shirts on hand, so that only two or three washdays a year are necessary.

Great foreign armies used to mill around in Switzerland in the old days, and the Swiss produced fierce soldiers who outfought their enemies, man for man. Beginning with the time of Louis XI there were companies of Swiss mercenaries in most of the warring armies of Europe. They probably would still be capable soldiers, for practically all Swiss males try to emulate William Tell's sharpshooting skill. The Congress of Vienna, in 1815, however, declared Switzerland permanently neutral, and she has been neutral ever since. Her borders have not changed since 1816. In 1848 her people adopted a constitution based on the American, but with the big difference that a president can serve only one single-year term at a time, and so it has been to this day.

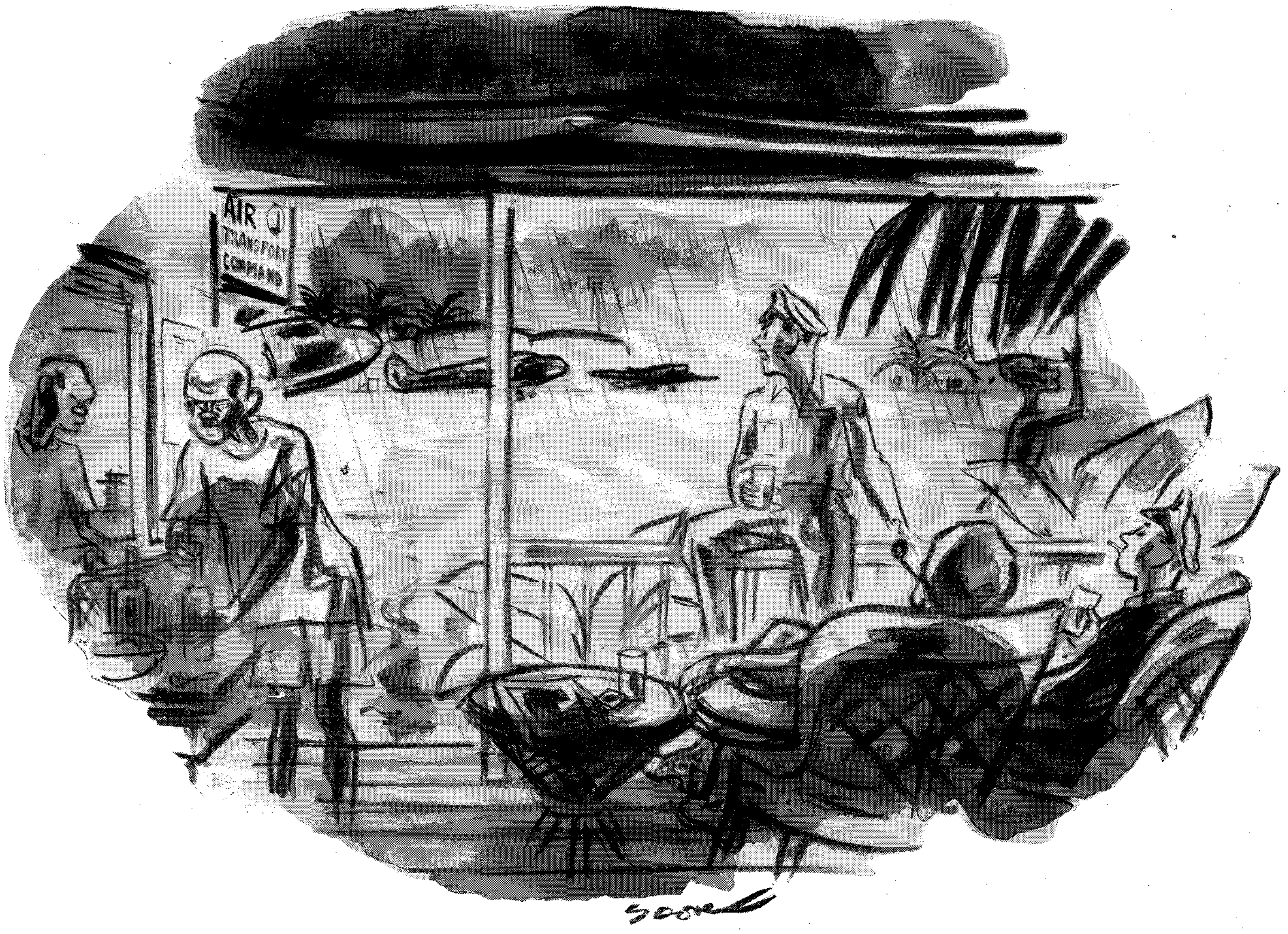
Rural

A MAN we know wanted to call Westbrook Pegler the other afternoon, to try to inveigle an expression of opinion from him on something or other, and asked Information for the number of his place in Connecticut. "Westbrook Pegler?" said Information. "Is that a farm?"

Cousins

A RADIO character called the Answer Man caused a mild explosion of interest by announcing on the air recently that Franklin Roosevelt and Thomas Dewey are, to use the technical genealogical expression, seventh cousins once removed. On matters of Presidential genealogy, our own Answer Man is Mr. Conklin Mann, the amateur genealogist who last year cleared up for us the Churchill-Roosevelt cousinship. Mr. Mann dove into the archives and came up with the news that Dewey and Roosevelt are seventh cousins once removed through two lines; also, what is closer, they are straight seventh cousins without being removed at all—at least not until November 7th. And that ain't the half of it: they are also eighth cousins through two lines, eighth cousins once removed, seventh cousins three times removed, and ninth cousins through several lines. And, to confound both sides in the tired-old-man-vs.-inexperienced-boy debate, there is the somewhat astounding fact that, in every single one of these family trees, Dewey and Roosevelt come out as being members of the same generation.

The closest Dewey-Roosevelt relationship, the straight seventh-cousin deal, is established through the Reverend John Lothrop, the pastor of an independent English church who was, in 1623, thrown into an English jail called Clink Prison for his religious beliefs. (His place of incarceration, by the way, gave us the slang term "clink.") Lothrop was released in 1632, with the proviso that he emigrate to New England. He settled first in Scituate and later moved to Barnstable, and was generally admired as "a man of learn-



"I hope this rain doesn't keep us grounded more than a day. Every clean shirt I have is in Chicago."

ing with a meek and quiet spirit." General Grant was another Lothrop descendant, a sixth cousin twice removed of Dewey. The seventh-cousin-once-removed relationship, the one reported by the radio's Answer Man, is through a Richard Lyman.

Dewey's pedigree involves him with several other distinguished men. Through Richard Warren, who was on the Mayflower, he is related to Admiral Halsey. The same line that makes him an eighth cousin once removed of Roosevelt establishes a like relationship with Henry Wallace. Dewey is also related to Marshall Field, but not to Senator Taft or General MacArthur, both of whom are Roosevelt cousins. "Dewey seems to be related mainly to prominent Democrats," Mr. Mann remarked. Through Richard Warren, Dewey may also be related to Churchill. Mr. Mann believes that he is, but he told us that genealogists are not completely in agreement in the matter. It all hinges on whether or not a certain long-gone Puritan's wife sneaked a stepson into the family tree. This brings into doubt the relationship between Churchill and Roosevelt, and dissension on the question rose to such a pitch recently that a Mr. Moriarity of Boston resigned from the Mayflower Descendants, a Boston organization which interests itself in such matters. "Just say that Dewey and Roosevelt and Churchill are all distantly related but that you don't know how," Mann advised us. "Otherwise you will be hearing from that Moriarity in Boston."

Intentions

A FRIEND of ours overheard two girls deep in discussion in Bryant Park during the lunch hour. "Well, I *think* he's really serious," one of them said. "Last Sunday, instead of going to the movies like we always do, he took me to Woodlawn to see his brother-in-law's grave."

The Form

THERE are circles in which some significance might be attached to the message "86⅛ 77¾ Chrysler Cp 1½e xd. 68 85⅜ 84 84½+⅜," which happens to be a New York Stock Exchange quotation. There are other circles in which the following information might be considered important: "May 11 –44 1 C.D 3–4 1:12⅘ ft 77f 118 8 86¼ 56½ 46¼ Scurl'kD10 1250 80 Miss Tipper 107 Sergt. Bill 118 V'a Joe 12." This happens to be a fragment of the history of a horse named Blue Valley, as told in the language of *Daily Racing Form*. We are not urging our readers to speculate on this horse, who seems, as a matter of fact, to be something of a dog; we're just giving an example of the data supplied by *Daily Racing Form* to its readers, who number about a hundred thousand this time of year. The *Form*, as it is called, is fifty years old this fall, and we've been collecting a few facts about it.

The *Form* is a product of Triangle Publications, Inc., which belongs to the family of the late M. L. Annenberg and which also publishes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the *Morning Telegraph*, the *Daily Racing Guide*, the *Daily Racing Tab*, the *American Racing Record*, *Click*, *Screen Guide*, *Stardom*, and *Official Detective Stories*. The man in charge of all this property, except for the *Inquirer*, is Mr. Kenneth Friede, a natty, young-looking executive who received us the other day in the Triangle offices, on West Twenty-sixth Street. Mr. Friede joined the organization fifteen years ago and climbed to his present position through the magazine department, so he has become the country's leading dispenser of horse information without having had much contact with the animal itself. He told us that he does very little betting and doesn't think his employees do any extravagant amount either. "It's not allowed in the office," he said. "What they do on their own time is their own business, but they don't have any more time of their own than anybody else. When a man first comes to work here, the shock of the environment may have some effect on him, but he tends to taper off after a while."

Since 1937, the *Form* has been able to print on its front page the statement that it is the official racing paper of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners. It has been similarly recognized by the Incorporated Canadian Racing Associations and the Mexican Jockey Club. What all this means is that the statistics published in the paper are accepted as gospel by the ruling bodies of all the horse racing in North America. The warm atmosphere of respectability which is beginning to surround the publication would probably please and might even surprise the late F. H. Brunell, who founded it in Chicago in 1894. "The paper is an experiment," Brunell wrote on Page 2 of the first issue, and further along he made the engaging promise that "if profitable, the quality of *Daily Racing Form* will be increased in every way."

An edition of the paper is still published in Chicago, and other editions are published in New York, Miami, Houston, Los Angeles, Seattle, Mexico City, and Toronto. The entries for the day and the results of the previous day's races at all the tracks that are operating are printed in all eight cities, and each edition also gives the past performances (that was a past performance we gave you above) of all the horses running on a given day at the tracks that are nearest the city the edition is printed in and also at whatever New York track is operating. Every office has records of the past performances of some twenty thousand horses.

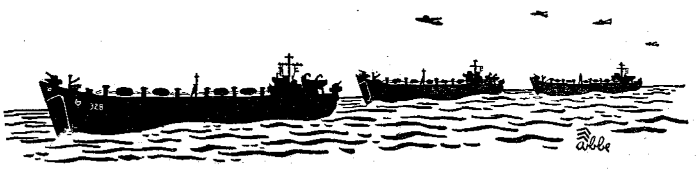
When we say that the entries and results at *all* the tracks are printed, we don't mean quite *all* the tracks. We mean about a hundred and thirty in the course of a year. Mr. Friede showed us some correspondence between the *Form* and the New Mexico State Fair Commission, in which the New Mexico people wanted to know how they could have a race meeting they hold at fair time covered by the *Form*. The *Form* is inclined to be aloof in the matter. Some of the horses that run in New Mexico aren't even thoroughbreds.

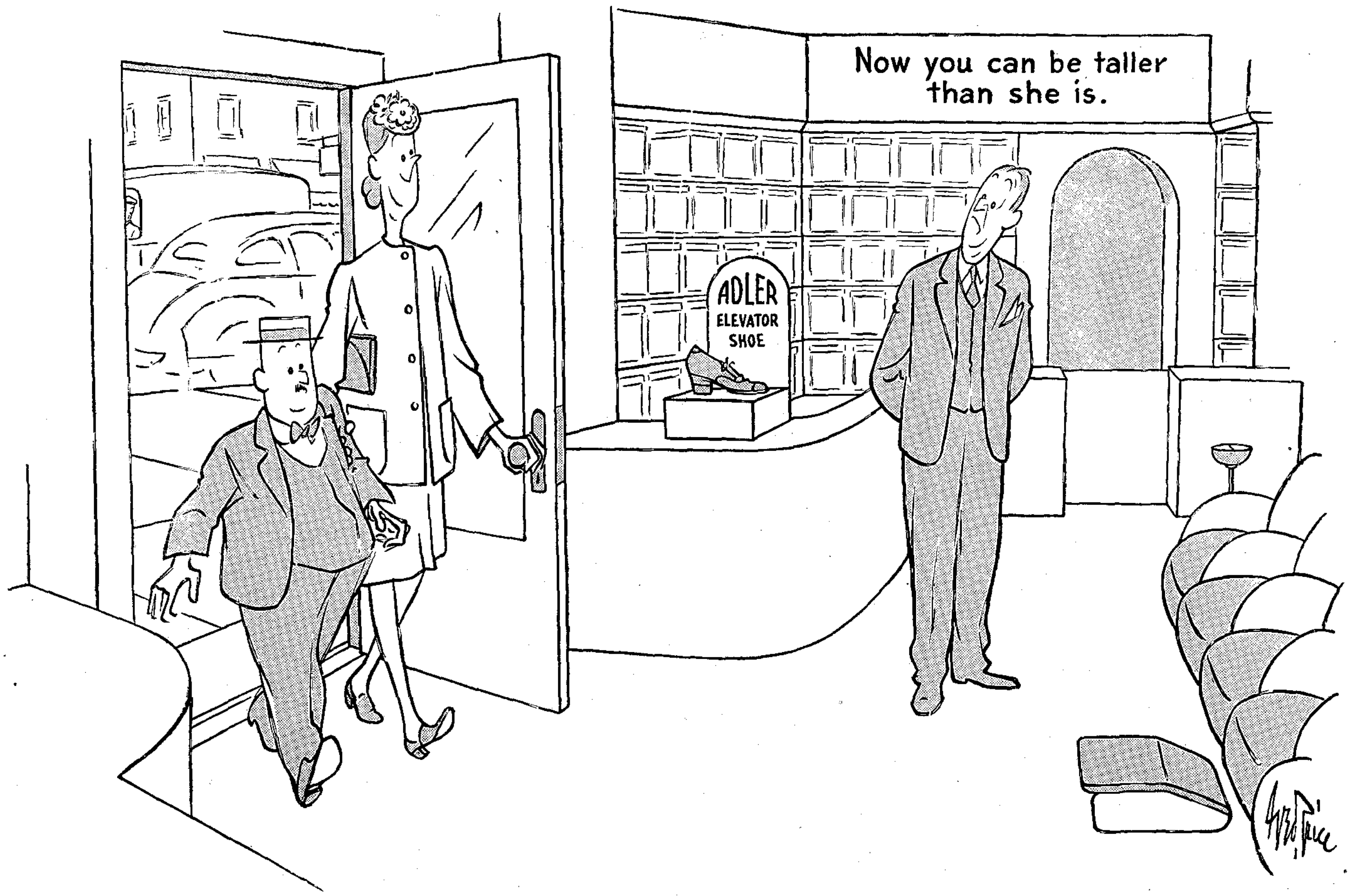
New Experience

THE mind of the five-year-old child being as free as it is of conventional limitations, it is hardly surprising that one little girl in this city attempted to eat a raw egg; just bit into it as if it were an apple. Later, in describing this happening, she was brief and, undoubtedly, accurate. "I was surprised," she said.

Rip van Winkle

YOU'LL doubtless be reading a good deal during the next few weeks about Lyonel Feininger, an American-born artist who, at the age of seventy-three, will have a retrospective show next month at the Modern Museum, a compendious one-man affair dating back to 1906, when Feininger, then a successful commercial artist, became interested in the modern trends in art.




Now you can be taller than she is.
ADLER
ELEVATOR
SHOE

• •

Since then he has become a leading Modernist, but if his name has not appeared on your list of American moderns, you're not alone; in fact, when the Modern Museum, fourteen years ago, included some of his work in an exhibition entitled "Paintings by Nineteen Living Americans," many of the critics protested that he was not American but German. Nevertheless, Feininger is American, and you have only to hear him exclaim "Bully!" to be convinced of it. Not only that, he's a native New Yorker, born at 85 St. Marks Place. That was in 1871, when the address was fashionable. He went to school in Germany at the age of sixteen and did not return until forty-nine years later, when the Nazis threw him out as a political dissident and an exponent of degenerate, non-Christmas-card art. Degenerate artist or no, Feininger is a man whose American speech and memories are of the period of James G. Blaine. He has been away from his home town much longer than Rip van Winkle was and has certainly found greater changes.

Since he was not asleep during all his absence, Feininger naturally saw a good many photographs and newsreel shots of New York, but nothing that really prepared him for his arrival here in 1936. "When I finally docked, right under the skyscrapers, it was just as if fifty cannons were going off all at once, right in my face," he told us. When he got around to studying the buildings, he found that they had been run up "with their forms in no particular relationship to the space in which they stand and absolutely without proportion or design." When Feininger left New York, the Produce Exchange Building, down on Whitehall Street, which was eleven stories high, was the big landmark. He remembers also that in his boyhood there was a sense of horizontal space that is now completely gone. From the top of his family's house on East Fifty-third Street, he could see all the way across the city. Another thing: New York doesn't seem as nautical as it was in the eighties, when activity on the rivers was visible from almost any side street and big square-riggers tied up at the South Street docks.

Trains, like ships, were much more in evidence in Feininger's boyhood. He remembers the open tracks of the New York Central, where Park Avenue is now, and the engines, which, with their red smokestacks and driving wheels, were something worth seeing. He recalls that the horsecars didn't run as often as our buses do but that you could hear them coming ten blocks away, which gave you plenty of time to get your things on and leave the house. Feininger surprised us by remarking that he finds New York has grown quieter since his boyhood. His explanation, which, on reflection, certainly seems reasonable enough, is that now we don't have open railroad tracks or drays banging over cobblestones. He is irritated, however, by the fidgety rhythm of traffic—everything starting off at once in low gear when the green light goes on. Something's wrong with the color of the sky, too, if you ask Feininger. It isn't blue at all. It's a kind of yellow or yellowish-green.

The Hard Way

WELL, sir, it seems that a Southern young lady arrived here to study singing and found herself a mighty cute room up on the West Side which was ideal except for the fact that the window wouldn't stay open. It was the kind of window you have to prop open with a little stick. Our heroine looked around for several weeks without finding a little stick, and finally she wrote back to Virginia and asked to have one sent to her. It arrived the other morning, by parcel post, and now the window stays open.

GRANDE RUE

WHEN I first heard on the radio the news of the liberation of Le Mans, I inevitably began to think about Claire Calvé. How pretty she was! And how inexpressibly dreary the village outside Le Mans in which she lived, in a stone house on the Grande Rue, just opposite the butcher shop. She was decidedly courageous in inviting me to come down from Paris to spend a few days—not a weekend, she had mysteriously specified—in her parents' home: visits between unengaged young couples are apt to be misunderstood in France, especially in villages like Claire's. We had known each other the year before, when she had taught in my young sister's school outside New York and had often visited us at home for tennis and drinks, and then she had dutifully returned to France to spend an unwilling year with her parents because her brother had died. When I went to France the following summer, I wrote suggesting that she come up to Paris for a few days, and she countered with her invitation. "People will talk, and there's no tennis or anything, but do come anyway if you think you can stand it," she wrote.

Claire met me at the station, I remember, after I had changed from the Paris express to a local train filled with country women carrying live chickens. She laughed when she saw me—amused that I should have come and a trifle nervous, apparently, about how things were going to turn out. We walked down the Grande Rue, talking rather jerkily, with everyone staring and window curtains twitching as we passed. On the outskirts of town, inside the house opposite the butcher shop, we found Claire's mother waiting in the dining room at a table set for *goûter*. She was a sad-faced woman, garbed in black, still grieving for her son. She told me I was much taller than he had been, and said little else while she and Claire and I drank tea with rum in it and ate delicious little cakes. Just outside the closed window, sides of beef and several rabbits hung a few yards from us. Women in white *coiffes* kept passing by. After tea, Claire asked her mother if she would mind if we danced. We turned on the radio and laughed about our *thé dansant*. Claire's mother looked on sadly for a while, then carried the tea things into the kitchen, refusing to let us help. "We have running water in the kitchen," she assured me, in French. "Just like your country, Claire says."

The kitchen was clearly the only part of the house that did have running water. In my bedroom, to which Claire escorted me after the dance music stopped, there was a set of *ustensiles* similar to those I remembered from childhood summers in the country: a pitcher of water standing in a washbowl on a stand, and a slop jar on the floor. Claire laughed again when she saw me glance at these things. "*C'est drôle comme tout*," she said. "Do the best you can, *mon pauvre petit*. Just put everything into the *seau hygiénique*"—she meant the slop jar—"and it will be taken care of." Then she left me and I followed her instructions. As I washed, I gazed speculatively at a large photograph of an unhealthy-looking young man hanging over the snowy bed—probably the bed in which he had died.

When I came down, Madame Calvé told me that Claire was in the back garden, and I joined her there just in time to see an elderly man with a mustache and a fedora emerge from the outhouse, buttoning his fly. "*Voilà mon père qui sort du water*," Claire said, a trifle unhappily. I was presented to Monsieur Calvé, who gave me his left hand while continuing to fasten his buttons with the right. He was a *percepteur*, a tax collector, and had just returned from his daily rounds; his little Peugeot was in the garage. He stared at me rather sharply, and the sharpness increased when Claire told him, somewhat inaccurately, that I had suggested that it would be a good idea if she and I were to go for a little ride in the Peugeot before dinner. "You think you could drive a French automobile, Monsieur?" he asked. I assured him I could, whereupon he said to Claire, "If Monsieur would care to buy a litre or two of *essence*, I should be perfectly willing to let you take a short ride, provided you remain within the village limits. Of course the *essence* at present in the car is for official use only, and it would cause talk if you were to use the car for pleasure without buying some more. And you must promise me, Claire, that you will stay inside the village limits. It would make your mother and me extremely nervous to think of you riding all over the *département* with—with this gentleman from another country," he ended rather lamely.

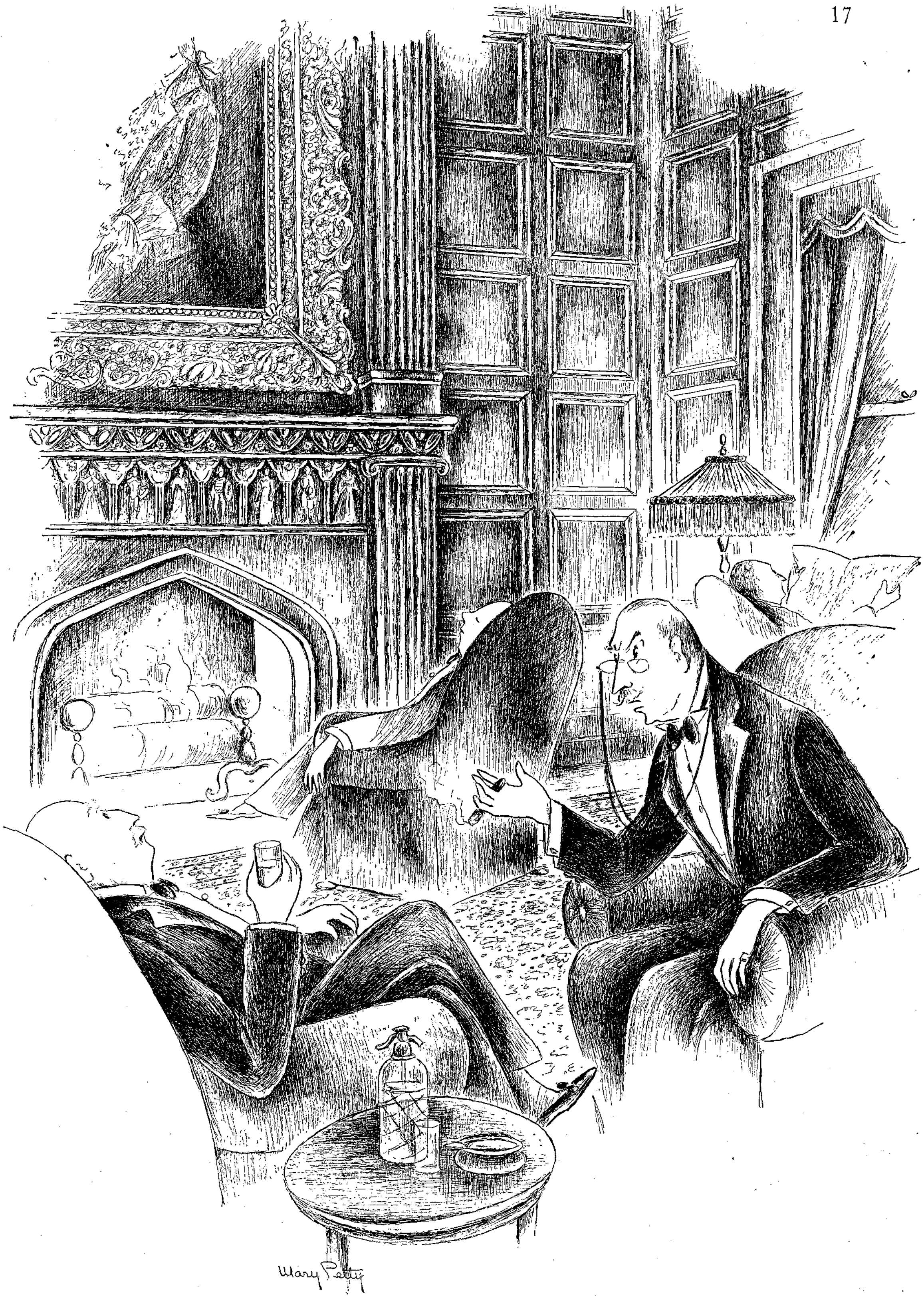
Claire promised to obey, and we got into the Peugeot, backed out, and bought a little gas down the street. The woman who sold it greeted Claire by name, and Claire replied politely but offered no explanation to satisfy the curiosity which was vividly expressed in everything but words. We drove down the Grande Rue until it began to be a country road and Claire said we had to turn around. We made a U-turn, and as we started back I caught sight of a sign saying, "Village limits. Reduce speed. Nomads not allowed beyond this point."

"I'm afraid our ride is going to be somewhat limited, like my father," Claire said. "You notice I knew better than to ask him whether we could take a ride *after* dinner. That would be unthinkable. My poor father! It was partly because of him that I thought you'd better not come on a weekend. He is at home all day Sunday, and the neighbors would find excuses to call, and he would be most uncomfortable." I assured her I thought it admirable of both her parents to let me come at all, and she sighed and patted my hand. "*Quelle vie!*" she sighed. "*Quelle vie!* How glad I shall be to get on the Ile-de-France."

In the gathering dusk we drove up and down the village roads, Claire pointing out to me the few spots of interest. There was a red-brick château and a tiny Gothic church. The château was opened for exactly two weeks each year, Claire told me—in November, for the hunting. It belonged to the Rochefoucaulds, who knew better than to live in the place any longer than that. Claire also pointed out a house that looked better than any of the others in the village—cleaner, with fresher paint and blooming window boxes. "We'll go there tomorrow," she said. "The woman who lives there is dying to meet you. She's not the most refined person in the world—her husband owns the jam factory—but she's the only person in the village I like to see."

And then, after we had traversed more than once every kilometre of village road and after Claire had told me just what her father would say were she to accept my invitation to stop in one of the village cafés for an apéritif, we returned to the house on the Grande Rue. I thanked Claire's father warmly for the use of the car, but he barely replied.

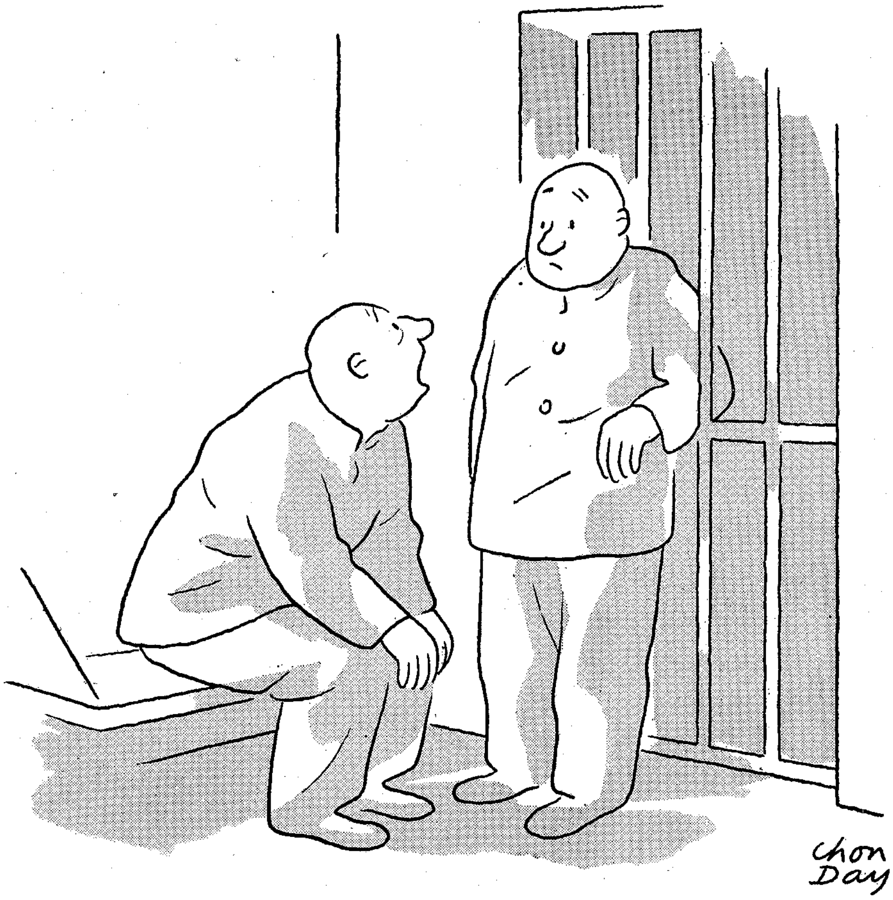
Madame Calvé had prepared a fine rabbit stew for dinner, and there was delicious salad, wine, and cheese. But the older people said scarcely a word, during the meal or after. I soon gave up my attempts to communicate with them. Madame Calvé again refused any help in the kitchen, and when the dishes were done, she took up some knitting. Her husband silently smoked a pipe. Claire and I entertained ourselves at double solitaire; since her father was at home, Claire did not suggest dancing. At ten o'clock, Monsieur Calvé rose, went briefly into the back garden, and, returning, bade us all good night. His wife followed him upstairs and a look from Claire told me we should do the same. Apparently my presence caused the ladies to be delicate about their visits to the back garden; perhaps Claire had coached her mother in American reticences. A few minutes after I had closed my door, I heard them both go downstairs again, go out, and return. I thought of following their example, and got as far as the top of the stairs. But the house was pitch dark, I couldn't find the lights, and I was afraid of breaking my neck. So I observed Claire's instructions about the *seau hygiénique.*



"A few years ago a contribution of a hundred thousand dollars would have been a cinch for ambassador to England. Now what do they offer me? Ambassador to Guatemala! How's that for inflation?"

BEFORE lunch the next day, Claire and I went for a stroll in the park of the château, and when I returned to my room to wash up, I discovered that although the pitcher on my washstand had been refilled and my room was in scrupulous order, the *seau hygiénique* had not been emptied. After I had washed my hands, it was considerably more than half full.

That afternoon Claire and I walked up the Grande Rue, while people turned and curtains twitched as before, to have *goûter* with her friend in the house with the window boxes, Madame Bernier. She was a florid, middle-aged woman, quite fashionably dressed, who welcomed us rather shrilly when a maid ushered us into a pretty salon. Madame Bernier was very interested in me as an American, she said, and she was sorry that her husband was not in town to greet me also. He was in Paris on business. Apparently he often went to Paris, and she usually accompanied him; she talked about plays and shops and restaurants, and I could see why Claire valued her acquaintance this year. *Goûter* was carried in by the maid, and we drank the tea and rum and ate our cakes before the low fireplace. The rum



"We're going to be way behind the times when we get out of here. The other fellows will be using bazookas, flame throwers, Garands, and all that stuff."

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loosened Madame Bernier's tongue, and she delivered herself of a racy, malicious description of the meanness of her neighbors and of village life, which was eagerly seconded by Claire. And then, when it was about time for us to go, Madame Bernier revealed why she was so interested in me as an American. "You are very different from the last Americans who were in this house, Monsieur," she said, in her shrill voice. "Very different indeed. I have been observing you. I had two American guests here a number of years ago—in 1918, to be exact. Two American soldiers. Many of them were quartered in Le Mans, you know, and some of them overflowed into this village. A number of us had American guests. Mine were charming young men—charming. But they always insisted on putting their feet on the mantelpiece. Always! Every day they would sit on the sofa, where you are sitting now, and put their feet on the mantelpiece. I was not accustomed to such manners, Monsieur. I used to make hints to them, but the hints were useless. Then I was sarcastic. '*C'est pour chauffer les fesses, sans doute, Messieurs?*' I would say. But that did no good either. Always, since then, I have wondered whether all Americans put their feet on the mantelpiece, as they assured me was the case. I see now they were not telling me the truth. I have been observing you, Monsieur. You have not placed your feet on my mantelpiece once. Not for a single instant."

LATE that afternoon, Claire and I again took our ride within the village limits. Before dinner I washed very meagrely, but even so the level of the contents of the *seau hygiénique* rose perceptibly. At ten o'clock, after an evening with Claire and her silent parents, I followed Monsieur Calvé out into the back garden. And in the morning, when the *seau hygiénique* became quite literally full, I came to a decision. My visit had been planned to last one day longer, but surely this morning was the time to depart. Claire and I had walked several times up and down the Grande Rue; we had twice driven round and round within the village limits; we had paid our visit to Madame Bernier; the *seau hygiénique* was full. It was time for me to go. I packed my bag and carried it downstairs. Unlike the day before, Monsieur Calvé had not yet departed. He was going over some papers at his desk. At the sight of my suitcase he burst into unaccustomed amiability. "Ah, Monsieur! You are leaving! What a fortunate coincidence! In an hour I am driving into Le Mans for some business at the *préfecture.* I can drive you directly to the Paris express."

Nothing was said about the extra day I had been invited for, either by him or his wife, or by Claire or myself. Madame Calvé bade me a sad-faced farewell and accepted my thanks almost silently. Claire walked with her father and me out to the car. "I'll see you in New York in seven, no, in six months," she said in English, and we made a date to meet at the Plaza, a date that was later confirmed and kept. We shook hands; the car rolled off.

During our brief ride, Monsieur Calvé was amiability itself. It was broadening for men of different countries to meet; he hoped I had benefited from my visit. For his part, he would like nothing better than to see New York, Chicago—*ces merveilles modernes.* Of course, it would be proper for him to see Paris first. Someday, perhaps, he would. In the city he drove around several unnecessary blocks to show me the cathedral and the sculptured memorial to Wilbur Wright, that bond between Le Mans and the *Etats-Unis.* At the station we parted with many expressions of mutual esteem. As he drove off, he even gave me a wave of the hand.

I carried my suitcase to the train, wondering rather vaguely about something that I have wondered about since from time to time. "Put everything in the *seau hygiénique,*" Claire had told me. "It will be taken care of." I had followed instructions. But it had not been taken care of. The *seau hygiénique* had not been emptied. Madame Calvé was obviously a meticulous housekeeper. Had Monsieur Calvé, perhaps, suggested, or even ordered, that the *seau hygiénique* be left severely alone? I was never to know, of course. It was not the sort of thing I felt like asking Claire at the Plaza. If he had, I could only admire him. A *seau hygiénique* full to the brim is as good an indication of a visit's end as any that I am likely to know.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

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The ——s have spit and she is expected to file suit for divorce very soon.
—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

Hypersensitive, we're afraid.

HOME FROM THE WARS

THE rain just about did it. It was the last day of Lieutenant Kevin Dwyer's leave and he stood at the large hotel-room window, staring at the drenched outlines of Baltimore.

It was only five-thirty but already getting dark. The slanting rain hit the asphalt of Mount Royal Avenue and raced to the gutters. Across Mount Royal, the neglected grass of a small park sloped down to the deep, stone-walled moat that contained Jones Falls Creek. On the far side of the creek lay the row on row of tracks and switching yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Above them, the great squares of the Pennsylvania Station and the parcel-post office loomed white in the rain mist. Wherever the eye lifted were irrelevant puffs of steam against the black meagreness of trestles.

A freight train was moving slowly out from the station and Kevin looked at the evocative names stencilled on the cars—Erie, Norfolk & Western, Lehigh Valley, Virginian, Atlantic Coast Line, and one very far from home, Pere Marquette.

As far from home as I am, thought Kevin, remembering the shabby Pere Marquette coaches he had ridden in during his childhood in Michigan—the incandescent lamps, the dust-choked plush of the seats, the grimy ornateness of the woodwork.

The baby began to make noises preparatory to crying, but Kevin didn't turn. Cele dropped something in the bathroom and he tried to identify it from the sound; it was heavier than a comb but didn't have the brittleness of glass. Maybe the camphor-ice tube or the band-aid box.

The baby began crying now, and Kevin, moving with a slight limp, went across the darkened, untidy room and stood looking down at him in his crib. He was lying on his stomach but his head was turned sideways, and there was a stain of damp by his face where he had drooled; his eyes were screwed shut from the force of his crying, his face was red and getting redder, and one clenched fist was moving in and out of his sleeve so that Kevin could see the still-mottled skin of his forearm. In his voice was all the outraged disillusion of a two-month-old awaking wet and hungry.

Kevin patted his back and Cele called from the bathroom, “In a minute, baby. In a minute.”

“Shall I put his formula on?” Kevin asked.

“Yes, darling—oh!”

He waited by the crib, wondering what suddenly remembered forgetfulness the “oh” betokened.

He heard Cele leave the bathroom and go into the small kitchenette just off their bedroom, then she said in relief, “There *is* a nipple. For an awful minute I thought I'd used them all.”

Kevin went out to her. She was taking the bottle of formula from the icebox. She moved back a soiled breakfast dish on the table and put the bottle down.

“I'll fix it,” he said.

She was wearing her slip and her hair wasn't done yet.

“Just listen to him!” she said.

Kevin listened, rubbing one elbow and forearm.

Cele pushed back the hair from her forehead. “Does it hurt?” she asked.

He took his hand quickly away from his arm. “No. Anyway, I don't think so.” He found it impossible to explain. There was a kind of dullness in his arm where it had been torn by shell fragments; not an ache, really. His ankle was stiff, too. “It's like rheumatism, I guess,” he said. “I'll probably be able to foretell the weather.”

“You're awfully nice,” said Cele. “You know, I think you're wonderful.”

“Even without the Purple Heart?” he asked, grinning a little.

“I think you're right, now,” she said. “I can see that you wouldn't want to wear it. You're always right. It just takes me a little while to realize it.”

“You'd better feed Mr. Miserable,” he said. “We haven't any too much time.”

“Don't change the subject,” Cele said. “Only one thing: what do you want me to say when people ask about you? I mean, shall I just say you were wounded? Do I have to explain carefully each time that it wasn't by enemy action, that you were hit by fragments from our own anti-aircraft shells?”

“I don't care what you say,” he answered. “You can tell them I was bayoneted by a dozen Panzer Grenadiers if you want to.”

“Don't get mad, darling. Just tell me.”

“I don't care.” He gestured helplessly. “It's just that I was never nearer the front than Algiers. Look, it's like I was in an auto accident in Washington. You wouldn't want me wearing the Purple Heart for that.”

“They wouldn't give you the Purple Heart for that,” she said. “And they did give you one for getting wounded in Algiers.”

“Look, I'll wear the damn thing,” he said. “And I'll wear an oak-leaf cluster for tripping and breaking my ankle when I did get hit.”

Cele didn't answer. She was turned away from him and testing the formula on her wrist.

In the moment they stood there, Kevin was all at once conscious of his own swift breathing and of the sudden flare of temper inside him. I get mad too easy, he thought, and he wanted to put his hands on Cele's shoulders, to kiss her bent head. “Oh, damn,” he said.

“Will you get the baby?” she asked evenly.

He went out to the crib, turned over his squalling son, and brought him into the bedroom, holding him up against his shoulder and cheek. The baby was quiet now, but his body kept squirming and his legs jerking.

Cele said, “He loves your holding him. Look how quiet he is.”

The baby started to yell.

They both laughed and Kevin handed the baby to Cele, who was on the bed, leaning against an upright pillow. She plopped the bottle into his mouth, stilling his crying.

Kevin sat on the bed watching her, occasionally touching the baby's incredibly perfect toes.

Cele said, “You're sure you want to

go out to eat? I could fix something, and it's so miserable out.”

“Miss What's-her-name's coming, isn't she?” he asked.

“Miss MacGuffin. But we don't have to keep her.”

“Let's go out,” he said. “This place is a mess.” He saw the expression in her eyes, and added quickly, “I'm not blaming you, darling. I'm leaving tomorrow. Let's have as much of tonight as we can.”

“Yes, darling.” She looked around. “I'm sorry everything's gone wrong. This was a hell of a place for you to come home to.”

“No,” he said, “you were here.” It rang hollow to both of them and he got up nervously. “Would you like a drink?”

“Well, Miss MacGuffin's due.” Cele looked at her watch. “She's late now.”

Then she took the bottle from the baby's mouth and shook it over her palm.

Kevin said, “Is it clogged?”

Cele continued to shake it and the baby began crying again.

“Oh, damn,” said Cele.

It was just another of the small things, like the beef broth that they had left simmering all night and which was only a black blister in the pot next morning, the plumbing that had jammed and that the understaffed hotel had taken two days to repair, the impossibility of hiring a sitter to stay with the baby (until the hotel clerk had recommended Miss MacGuffin today), the gloominess of their rooms, and the stifling heat of Baltimore, broken by this afternoon's downpour. And the mice and roaches in the kitchenette, the imagined bedbugs, the ever-present soot from the locomotives across the way, the ceaseless horns of Mount Royal traffic, and the baby's understandable fretfulness.

Cele said, “You should have come out to Michigan. It would have been better, even if we only had a few days then.”

AFTERWARD, with the baby fed, changed, and back in his crib, and Cele dressed, they waited for Miss MacGuffin. She was three-quarters of an hour late now.

Cele was looking pretty but worn and Kevin tried to make talk go, but there was no spark in either of them.

“Where is that damned female?” he exploded finally. “Shall I call her?”

“Here, I'll do it.”

Cele rang Miss MacGuffin's room and then said, “Hello, Miss MacGuffin? This is Mrs. Dwyer— What? You did? But I can't understand it. We've been here— Well, can you come down now?” She hung up. “She says she was down here and knocked but we didn't answer.”

“Oh, God,” said Kevin. “It must have been while the sprout was yelling. But didn't the dimwit hear him?”

“I don't know,” said Cele. “She doesn't sound like a high I. Q.” Cele looked worried. “Do you suppose he'll be all right?”

“He'll be all right. He'll be asleep.”

Miss MacGuffin arrived a few minutes later. She was a small, incredibly ancient crone, with a faint voice and trembling hands. Her head was cocked to one side by some sort of paralysis and she teetered into the room unsteadily. Kevin and Cele both suppressed the urge to ease her into a chair before she became unstrung.

Cele gave Kevin a wild look and he said loudly, “We'll be back in an hour or so, Miss MacGuffin. If the baby cries, just let him be, won't you? He's a little restless, so his crying won't mean anything. You won't pick him up, will you, Miss MacGuffin?”

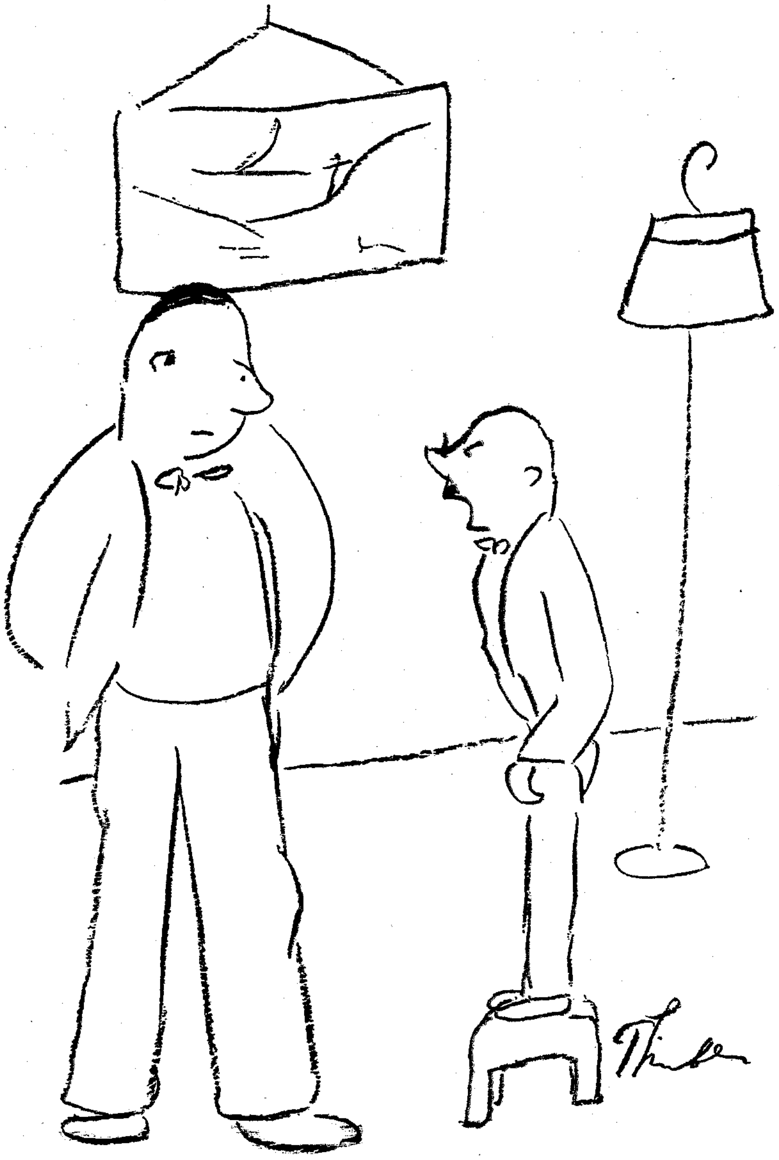
Miss MacGuffin twinkled at him. “Don't you worry about us,” she quavered. “I'm wonderful with children. Children and I get along just fine. You know, when I was younger, I was a governess in Boston; let's see now, it was in 1926—no, it was 1928. I was with a family that had two lovely little girls. Well, do you know . . .” The anecdote went on for five or ten minutes and came out nowhere.

Kevin herded Cele toward the door and said loudly, “There are magazines and newspapers right on the table; just make yourself at home, Miss MacGuffin.”

They left her nodding and quavering after them, embarked on another mumbled story.

OUTSIDE the door, Cele said, “She's incredible. We can't leave the baby with her.”

“Darling,” Kevin said, “you only need her there for some catastrophe or other—a fire or something. He'll be all right. In fact, he's better off than if



“Sir, you are speaking of the woman I once loved!”

you had someone who might handle him. Don't worry, darling."

"But she's so decrepit—"

"Cele," he said, "don't worry." He made a stab at the light touch. "The worst that can happen is that she'll take him away on a broom."

Cele laughed, because that was expected of her. She buttoned up her raincoat. "All right, I won't worry. It's all right, Kevin."

Outside the hotel they stepped into the slanting force of the rain, walking close together, bending a little against the weight of it.

"It isn't the way you thought it would be, is it?" Cele said.

"Now, darling," he told her.

She clung to his arm. "I hate seeming like a Dulcy. I'm not chickenheaded, you know that. But everything somehow has gotten out of control." Then her mood changed. "But this will be something like. We'll go to the Chesapeake and there'll be lots of snowy linen and silver and your Martini will be just the way you want it: lemon peel and no olive and ice-cold and very dry. And I'll make fine talk for you, darling, honest. Or, better yet, I'll listen and you'll make fine talk."

They stood, waiting for the lights, and cars went by them in the rain, their tires making a noise of suction, their windshield wipers flipping methodically.

"This has been good, Cele," Kevin said. "It was all my idea and I don't regret a minute of it."

She didn't answer, but stepped along quickly with him as they crossed the street. On the other side, going up the St. Paul Street bridge with a train clanking along below them, she said, "I'd even forgotten how it was to walk with you, what long steps you take. No, darling, don't shorten them. I like it. Oh, please, darling."

He was suddenly quite tired and wishing they hadn't left the hotel apartment. The prospect of dinner seemed infinitely dreary and he would have liked to be in bed with Cele, having her quiet and near sleep beside him, with the sound of the rain outside and the comfortable dark around them and no need for any talk.

They cut through the Pennsylvania Station and crossed the Charles Street bridge and came up, wet and arm-in-arm, to the door of their favorite restaurant. The door didn't give to the pressure of Kevin's hand, and then they saw the printed sign: "Closed on Mondays for the duration."

They stood there looking at it, with the rain streaming from their heads and shoulders, puddling about their feet and hitting steadily against the windows with their appetizing displays of sea food.

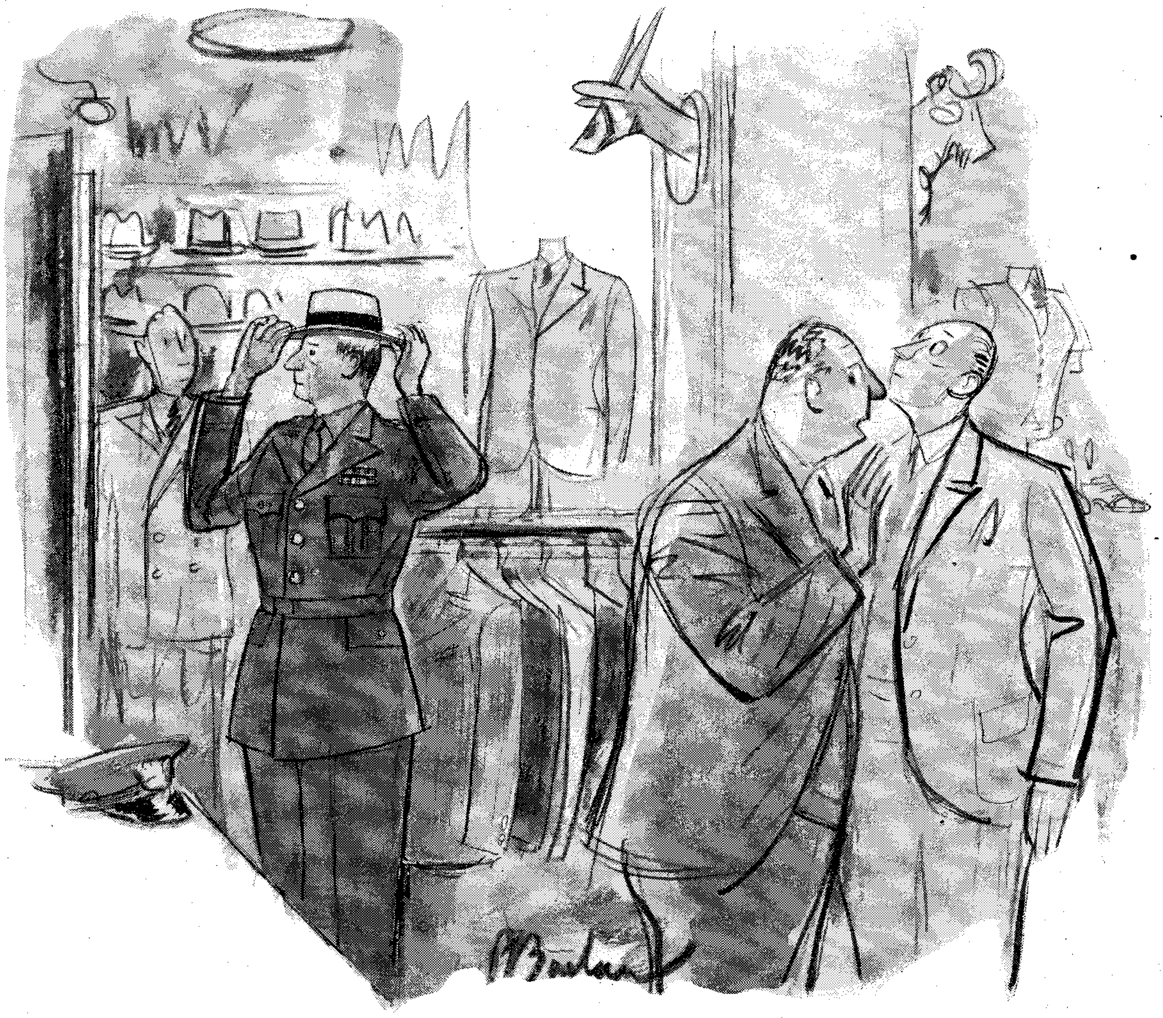
Cele began to cry. "I won't have it," she said. "Oh, Kevin, it's too much. I've tried so hard and every single thing goes wrong. Oh, Kevin."

She bent against him and he held her tightly, the two of them alone in the street, with the shine of street lights on car tracks and parked autos and gleaming on the window fronts of stores.

He tipped up her chin and kissed her, and her drowned look suddenly eased everything. "What difference does it make, Cele?" he said. "We'll eat in a White Tower or a diner and then go back and chase out Miss MacGuffin. We'll get to bed and I'll put my Purple Heart on my pajamas and wear my campaign ribbons in my hair. And if the baby starts yammering, I'll tell him how I got all my citations. Come along, pet, everything's going to be wonderful."

They went up toward North Avenue, where they could see the fine, sterile whiteness of a corner restaurant.

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN



"Maybe he knows something."

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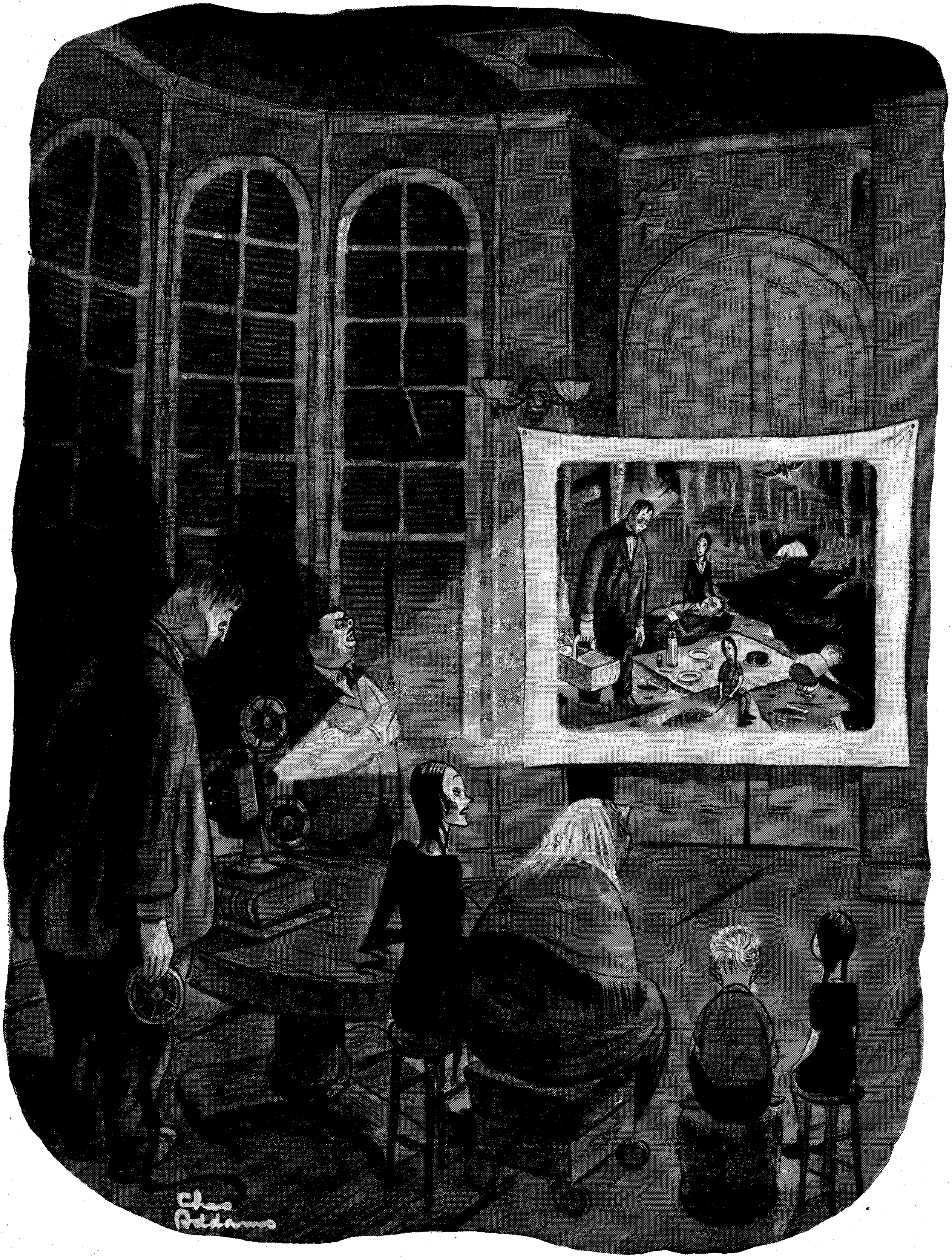
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the Journal-American]

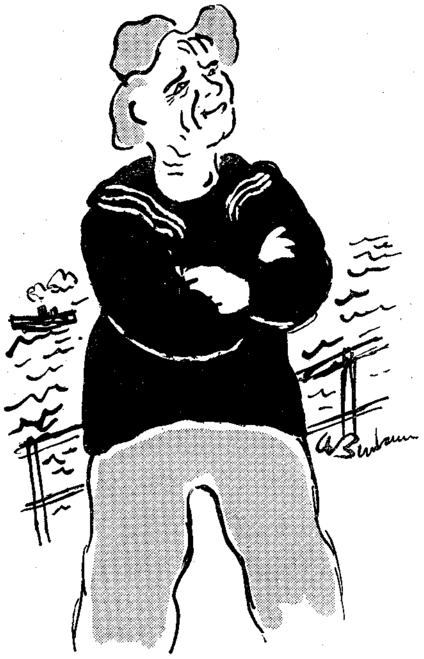
Killed by two stab wounds in the abdomen, the body of a woman, about 25, entirely nude except for a brassiere, was found stuffed inside two laundry bags today in a vacant lot at 250 E. 3d st. . . . The laundry was later identified as the Surprise Laundry, 334 Delancey st.


Chas Addams

"It's a lovely spot—so unspoiled."

PROFILES

LONG AFTER BLIGH



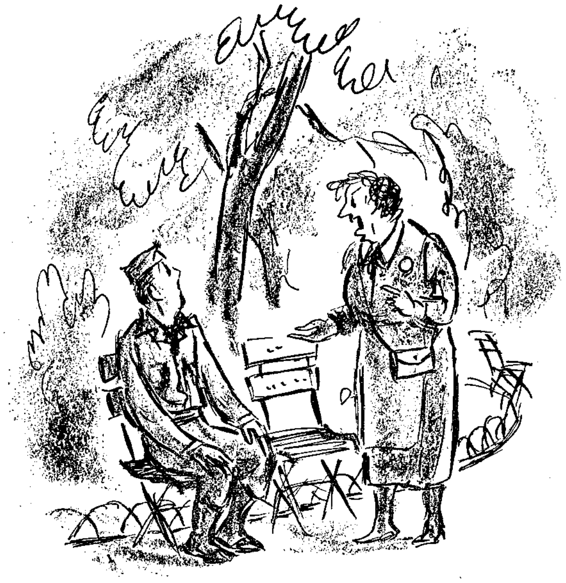
AS the master of a Liberty ship that may as well be called the Josiah Crabtree, Captain Frederick Johnson could rightly claim to hold a position so dignified in law, so hallowed in literature, as to make that of the President himself seem piddling. The nautical predecessors of Captain Johnson have had such vast appeal as symbols that they have often been identified metaphorically with God Almighty, and even a ferryboat man like Charon looms larger in the memory of mankind than almost any potentate or king. It is indicative of the importance of Captain Johnson's station that poets consider it high tribute to address the subjects of their most solemn songs as if they were licensed masters and that lawyers can become lucid and even lyrical in discussing the qualifications of a ship's captain. Chancellor James Kent, a nineteenth-century American authority on admiralty law, drew up what can be regarded as the standard legal portrait of the master of a vessel. "He should have," says the Chancellor, "the talent to command in the midst of danger, and courage, and presence of mind to meet and surmount extraordinary perils. He should be able to dissipate fear, to calm disturbed minds, and inspire confidence in the breasts of all who are under his charge, in tempests as well as in battle. The commander of a ship must give desperate commands; he must require instantaneous obedience. He must watch for the health and comfort of the crew as well as for the safety of the ship and cargo. It is necessary that he should maintain perfect order, and preserve the most exact discipline under the guidance of justice, moderation, and good sense." When a mate on the Josiah Crabtree, who had run across the Chancellor's comments while thumbing through a volume of sea law, quoted the passage to Captain Johnson not long ago, the master's reaction was not one of pleasure. "That hammerheaded bastard," he remarked, "sure expects a lot from a merchant stiff."

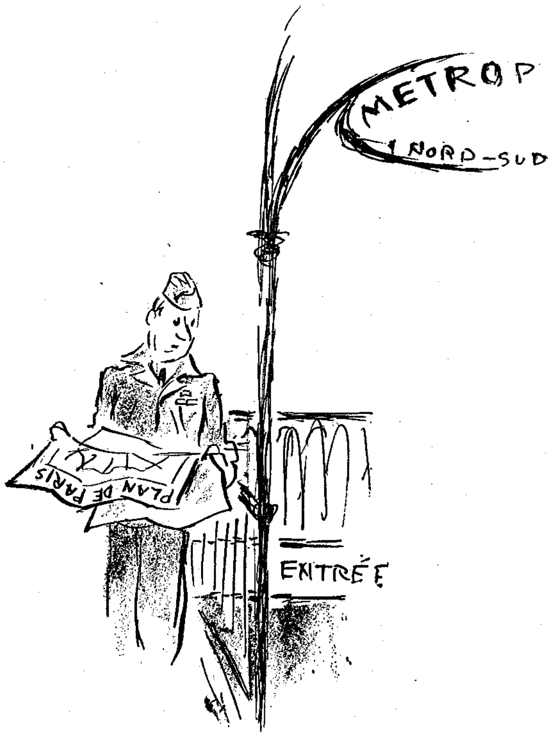
Although Captain Johnson possesses many of the virtues Chancellor Kent ascribes to the ideal master, he has never managed to conduct even routine affairs with anything approaching moderation. Slightly under medium height, fashioned along wiry, agile lines, he faces the universe with the nervous anticipation of a terrier, eager to fight or frolic as circumstances dictate. His favorite stance is one of aggressive preparedness—head tilted forward, arms folded, legs set firmly apart. With his brown hair spilling over his forehead, his light-blue eyes gleaming in a web of wrinkles, his battered nose jutting from a face as heavily creased as a worn tarpaulin, he looks, at forty-two, like a veteran battler, not yet weary enough to acknowledge middle age. He sounds as tough as he looks. He often startles young officers under his command by crediting them, quite casually, with depravities that would give Krafft-Ebing pause, and he frequently spurs on a laggard crew by shouting some such observation as "You all move around like you got paper behinds." When he is really provoked or excited, however, his language takes on a strange didactic tone. A master who crowds his ship in on the Josiah Crabtree in convoy is likely to find himself coldly advised by blinker to "desist overlaying the functions of this vessel's stern." It is only when a ship that has annoyed him gets within earshot that the Captain lets go with what he considers his most devastating phrase. "I am," he then bellows, "ignoring you!" Since the Captain has a truly remarkable set of lungs, he can, when in voice, make the simple sentence sound like the victorious trumpeting of a bull elephant, and it invariably unstrings his fellow-master, who angrily denounces him through his megaphone. This gives the Captain a vast satisfaction. "Listen," he is apt to mutter to one of his officers on such occasions, "I got him squawking like an unpaid whore." The vehemence of Captain Johnson's remarks sometimes shocks the gunnery officers assigned to the Josiah Crabtree, who are usually young men with an elaborate regard for naval etiquette. But to the Captain all such outbursts are simply playful diversions in the wearisome business of handling a ship in convoy and he seldom remembers them the next day.

Captain Johnson seldom remembers anything very long. Like the children in "The Innocent Voyage," he lives almost entirely in the present, and he never clutters up his life with a hankering for the past or a curiosity about the future. As long as the Josiah Crabtree churns along at the proper speed, he is a contented man, taking a simple satisfaction in laying out courses, figuring positions, and pondering the state of wind and wave. For his ship he has the sort of affection men have for a woman they cannot trust too far. When he discusses her, he insists that she is a lot less temperamental than most other Liberties and boasts that with any kind of favoring current she can turn out better than thirteen knots, a speed no Liberty was ever built for. On the other hand, in troubled moments, watching the Crabtree wallow in a heavy beam sea, he clings to the railing of the flying bridge and shouts impotently at the decks below, "Break your back, you silly bitch, go ahead and break it!" Any reflection on the Crabtree's seaworthiness by one of the Captain's officers, however, throws him into a plangent rage. "Good God!" he says. "Such ignorance! The poor old girl takes a little roll and instantly the bright boys have her ready for the boneyard." Since the Crabtree is only in her second year of existence, she is of course a long way from any boneyard. But even if her career ended tomorrow, she would have lived a fairly full life. Under Captain Johnson, who became her master the day she was commissioned, she has already travelled some sixty thousand miles and carried supplies to almost every theatre of war.

TO become the master of a ship requires a single-mindedness that would be fatuous if exercised in the pursuit of almost any landbound goal. The job calls for a knowledge diffuse enough to embrace everything from nautical astronomy to the ingredients of a durable deck paint, and an experience sufficiently catholic to ensure the proper handling of a ship whether visited by carbuncles or catastrophe. In the circumstances, it is not peculiar that Captain Johnson should have spent a bit of his adolescence and all of his maturity preparing himself for his present eminence. When he first went to sea, from Brooklyn, in 1919, as a deck boy on a Hog Islander—the Liberty ship of its day—his voice could only momentarily achieve the cavernous tones that now distinguish it. He was a downy, unlikely youth of seventeen who had discouraged his parents by bogging down in the eighth grade of grammar school. Since he was then, as now, rather small, it was not too embarrassing for him to stay year after year in the company of his juniors. However, his father, a Danish sailmaker, who had settled in Brooklyn in 1898 with his old-country bride, was upset by the boy's indifference to the opportunities of the New World and decided to ship him off to sea. Aboard the Hog

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

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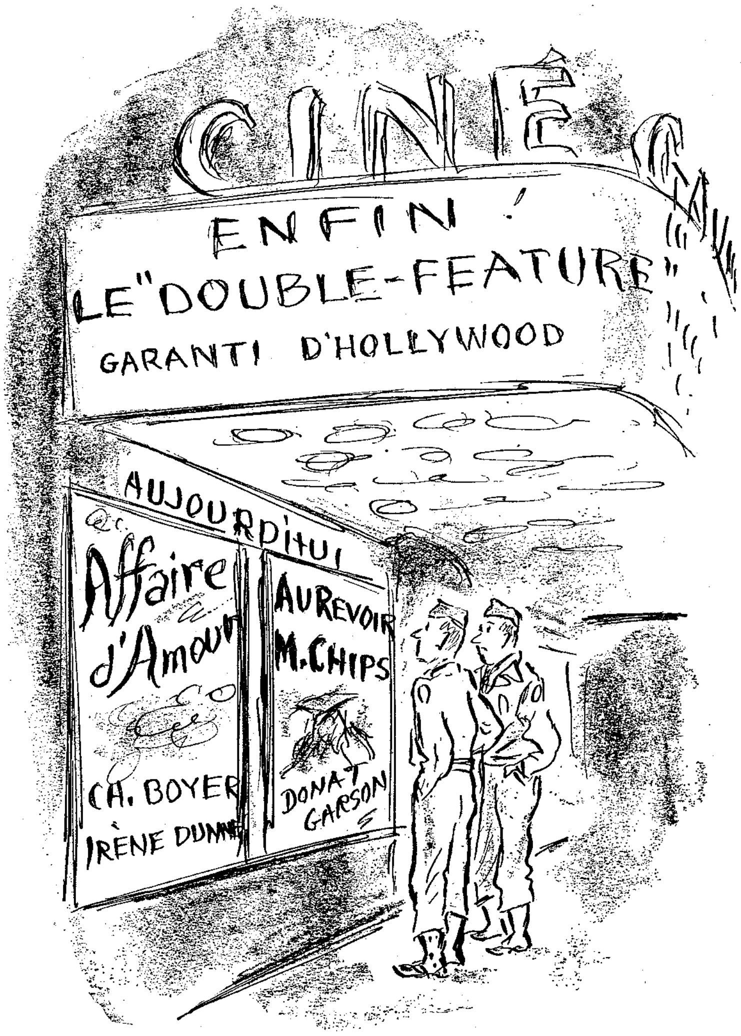
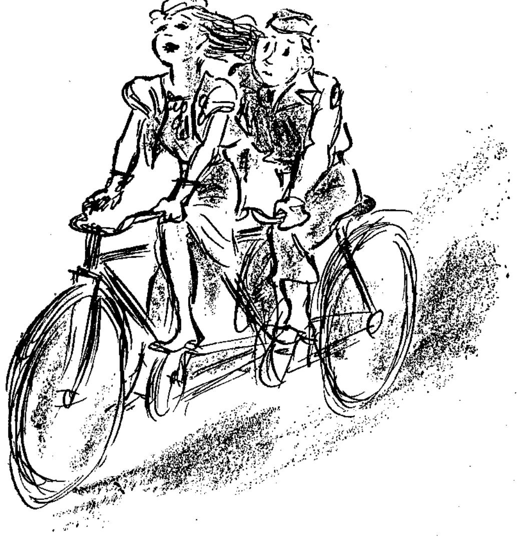

CINE
ENFIN!
LE "DOUBLE-FEATURE"
GARANTI D'HOLLYWOOD
AUJOURD'HUI
Affaire d'Amour
CH. BOYER
IRÈNE DUNN
AU REVOIR M. CHIPS
DONAT GARSON



Islander, young Frederick learned the simple facts of marlinspike seamanship, twisted his tongue around oaths too large for his tender larynx, became the butt of the usual jokes played upon youngsters on their first trips to sea, and decided, after a trip to England, that a seagoing career would appeal to him as much as any. In the years that have passed since he left grammar school, Captain Johnson has grown mightily in wisdom, but he still has many of the intellectual tastes that he had as an adolescent. He has, for example, never outgrown his fondness for authors like Zane Grey and James Oliver Curwood, and it is only on long trips, when the supply of books on his ship is running low, that he attempts to find diversion in more advanced literature. Such excursions into belles lettres usually bewilder and annoy him. Recently he stormed upon the bridge of the Crabtree, near the end of an eight months' voyage, to demand of the mate on watch, "Who's this jerk Santayana? He don't make as much sense as a wog."

The Captain's rise from deck boy to master has all the elements of an inspiring success story. There were the seven years of drudgery as a sailor, the long hours of grappling with the intricacies of navigation, then the slow climb from third mate in 1927 to master in 1941. There are other aspects of the Captain's rise not easily adapted to an inspirational tale—the cozy familiarity with alien barrooms, the carefree brawls, the fond and foolish ladies, the lavish spreading around of cash. Then, too, there have been spells of despondency, during which the Captain has threatened to quit the sea forever. At such times he has toyed with the notion of growing honeydew melons in Chile, of working for an oil company in Venezuela, of opening a bar-and-grill on West Street in Manhattan—anything to get away from the sea. These have always turned out to be escapist fantasies, useful only as a pleasant means of dreaming away tedious, uneventful night watches. The only really long period he ever spent ashore was ten months in 1939, when he was a boss stevedore on the docks in Brooklyn, a job he was glad to give up to go back to sea. By that time he had served on every type of ship from weary, wornout freighters to fast and fancy liners. Aboard the liners he was constantly upset by the aimless mischief of the passengers, which still upsets him when he recalls it. "Never saw such people," he remarks. "Always throwing things over the side—tables, chairs, even pianos. Then when the depression got going good, damned if they didn't begin throwing themselves over the side. Hell of a note." Another thing the Captain didn't like about passenger ships was the tendency of the passengers to become hysterical on what he considered little provocation. In 1934, when he was chief mate on a medium-sized liner in the South American trade, the ship was caught in a gale off Hatteras, with seas so high the crew couldn't cross the foredeck to go back and forth to their quarters. He set them up in a first-class suite near the bridge. "They were colored boys," he says, "and they worked twenty-four hours a day securing that ship while the passengers all stood around howling and praying. In the midst of it all, a dame comes up to me and screams, 'Mr. Johnson, what are those negras doing in the cabin opposite mine?' 'Lady,' I says, 'you'll be goddam lucky if you don't find a couple of them in your bunk before this blow is over.' When we got in, she reported me to the company, so they transferred me to a freighter."

A series of such incidents did much to hinder the Captain's progress from mate to master. Admired as a sturdy, forthright, reliable officer by most of the companies he worked for, he was nevertheless regarded by his superiors as too headstrong to take charge of a vessel and run it in conventional style. By 1941, such considerations had ceased to trouble anyone, and the Captain was chosen to command a clumsy, bedraggled, coal-burning freighter, built in Finland in 1902, that was sent to sea only because the shortage of ships made any craft that would float a likely addition to the Allied merchant marine. She was so palsied with age that she began to shake before she was through the Narrows off Staten Island, and her crew soon forgot about the submarine menace to consider the more obvious danger that she would collapse without any German assistance. Glorying in the possession of a ship of his own, Captain Johnson nursed her down to Colón, through the Canal, down the west coast of South America, around the Horn, and on through violent southern latitudes across the Atlantic to South Africa. The route was designed to circumvent the Nazi submarines patrolling the mid-Atlantic, and the Captain pursued it in solitude for fifty-nine days until he was within nine miles of his destination. He was making his ship ready for arrival when a submarine surfaced nearby on his starboard bow. "The Heinie was up to charge his batteries," the Captain says, "and he was just as scared as I was. I put my old tub hard left to ram him and he took a crash dive, and then I discover my steering gear has jammed hard over. So I got to run in circles while the Heinie takes his goddam sweet time and figures out whether to belt me or not." With all hands at emergency stations, the Captain kept his ship going around and around on the theory that such erratic motion might spoil the German's aim. Then, at dusk, the submarine launched a torpedo, which tore the bow off the ancient Finn. As she began to settle, the Captain ordered her abandoned, and was seeing his boats into the water when a second torpedo struck. "We all got away easy enough," the Captain says, "but there must have been a million dollars' worth of stuff went down with that old crate. Just because a lucky Heinie thinks he's found a nice spot to charge his batteries." The irony of it still impresses the Captain, who had to sit around an African port two months with his crew waiting to be repatriated. His only explanation of his misfortune is the fact that his chief mate was a church-going man. "I never saw a praying stiff yet," he tells his friends, "that didn't carry trouble around with him."

ON the bridge of the Crabtree, which is his second command, Captain Johnson bears no resemblance whatever to the stern-visaged, braid-encrusted masters in the peacetime advertisements of steamship companies. His everyday costume consists of a fatigue cap he acquired from a soldier in England, a Navy jumper left behind by one of the Crabtree's gun crews, a pair of wrinkled khaki pants, badly shrunken from the numerous boilings to which he has had them subjected, and a set of run-down Indian sandals that he picked up in Calcutta. His appearance in this rig is so unimpressive that pilots and other official visitors to the Crabtree rarely recognize him as the master when they arrive on the bridge. Usually they shake hands with the mate on watch and call *him* "Captain." This always amuses Captain Johnson. He is not amused, though, when his radio operator, who is something of a fashion plate, is mistaken for him at the conferences that are held ashore before a convoy sails. For these conferences, at which the commodore explains the procedure of the convoy to all the masters and radio operators, the Captain wears a neat khaki uniform, but he always forgets to put on the hat with the gold gingerbread on the visor that marks him as a master. As a result, it is quite natural that other masters should accept the perfectly groomed radio operator as the head man of the Crabtree party. By the time the matter is straightened out, Captain Johnson has usually lost considerable face with his fellows, which puts him in a querulous mood. In these circumstances, he is not at his best, since he has a small boy's inability to hide his feelings. Not long ago, at a conference in the Middle East, an English commodore was explaining things to a group of masters that included Captain Johnson, who only a short while before had heard his radio operator greeted as the Crabtree's commander. When the commodore asked if there were any questions, a Norwegian captain inquired whether it would be all right to flash his stern lights to warn off vessels which were overrunning his ship from behind.

"Why," asked the commodore, a new man at the business of convoys, "would your next astern—that would be Number Fifty-two—be overrunning you?"

"Because," interrupted Captain Johnson, "I got a lot of idiots for mates."

FOR AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF MY MOTHER

Here is a smoother oval than I know,
Time and myself had not yet written there
Wisdom and patience, or the gradual snow
Of sorrow dusted the dark-banded hair.

Coming on this, I knew with first surprise
There was a time when you were no one's mother,
A girl with pretty mischief in her eyes,
Still balancing one suitor with another;

A girl in foolish frills, about whose waist
Two hands might meet in clumsy gallantry.
Years have not yet quite answered or erased
That look of question and expectancy.

I am half rueful that I know her story,
This unknown girl whose dark eyes danced at life,
Demure and yet demanding special glory—
Four times a mother and a good man's wife.

—CAROLYN WILSON LINK

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"I beg your pardon," said the commodore, "but who are you?"

"Fifty-two," said Captain Johnson.

"You got idiots," the Norwegian said mournfully. "You should see what I got. Children—little, simple children with no brains."

"Gentlemen," the commodore said, "we were discussing stern lights."

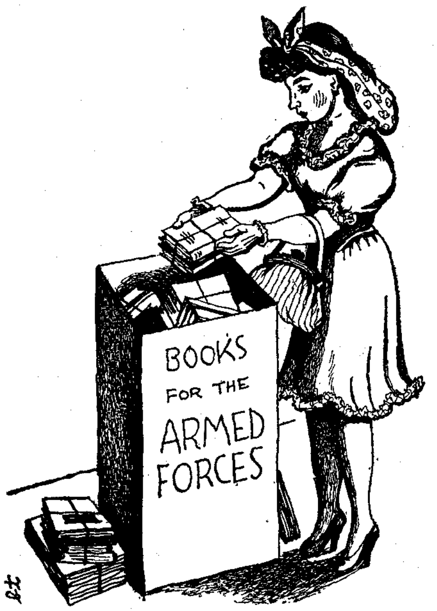
"You could hang out floodlights," said Captain Johnson, "and they still wouldn't keep station."

"Children," the Norwegian murmured, "little, simple children."

"Stern lights," said the commodore, "will be burned only on orders from the convoy commander."

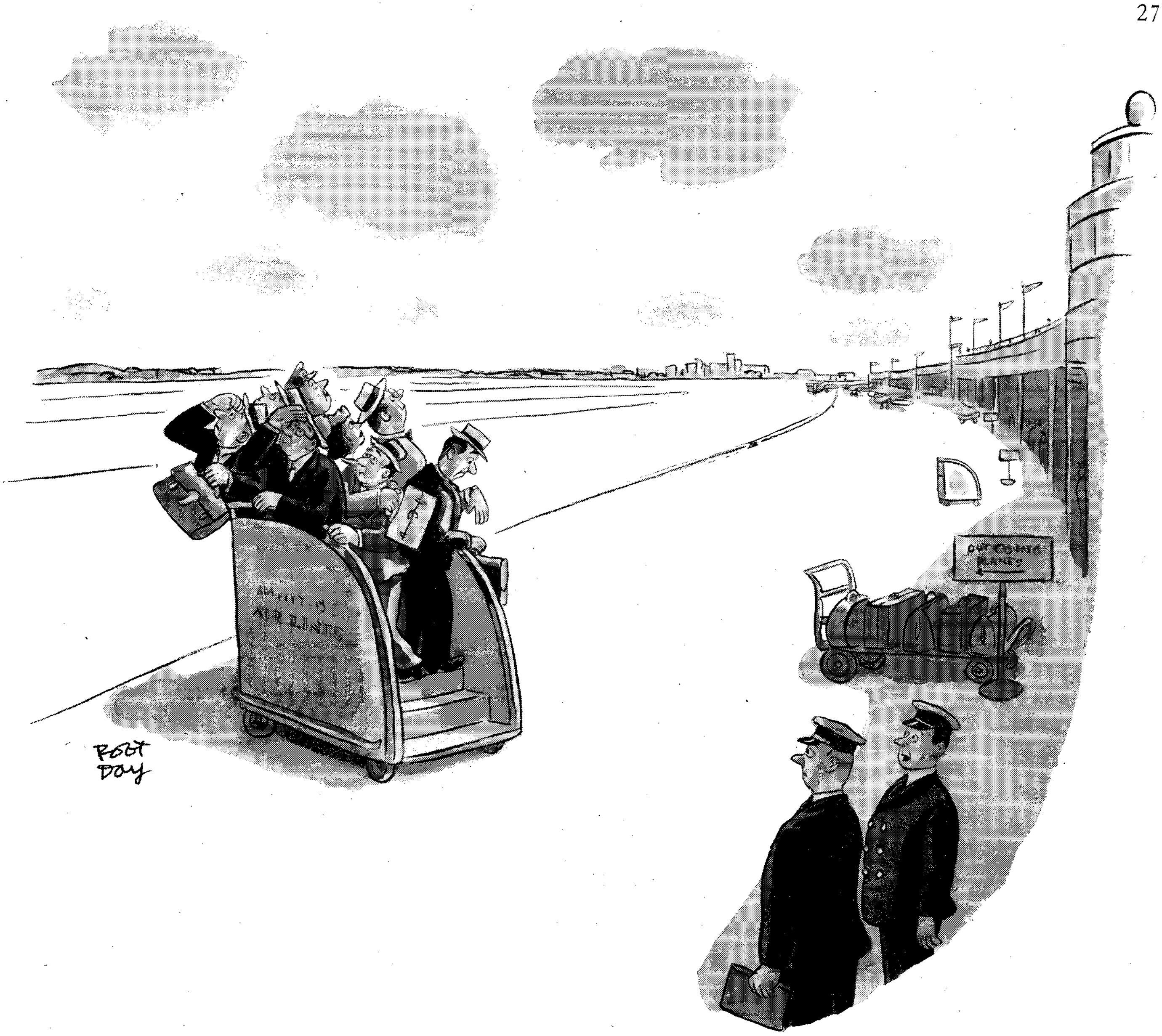
"I'd rather sail with apes," said Captain Johnson.

"*That*, gentlemen," said the commodore as briskly as he could manage, "would seem to cover everything."



Despite Captain Johnson's oral attacks on his officers, he usually gets along with them, as he does with most of his crew. It is the opinion aboard the Crabtree that the more vociferously he denounces one of his associates, the better he likes him, and his full-throated roar of disapproval is actually considered a kind of deafening accolade. Since he loves arguments, he permits his officers a good deal of leeway in their conversation with him, and the bridge of the Crabtree is often clamorous with heated discussions between him and his mates. These are always wide in scope and frequently hard for everyone except the Captain himself to follow. Only a nimble mind can pursue the Captain as, for instance, he shuttles between a discourse on total mobilization and a commentary on the manner in which a convoy is proceeding. "You vote for him three times," he is likely to begin, "because he's a good guy with the merchant marine. That tanker's coming goddam close. And then what's he do? He starts this guff about total mobilization. If you don't step her up, you're going to fall right out of the bloody convoy. You know what total mobilization means? One emergency turn and this convoy's going to look like a bundle of rope yarn. It means they'll be able to grab your wife and throw her in a crib whenever they figure they're running short. If this rust pot's doing sixty revs, I'll pin my ticket in the fireman's can."

The Captain is perhaps overly pragmatic on total mobilization, and he is no less so on other topics. His solution of



"Most impatient bunch of passengers I've ever seen."

the problem of postwar unemployment is simply to leave the troops wherever they are when the war ends and set them up in business. "Make plenty of shipping that way," he says. "They'd all need plenty of stuff from the States." Even less sentimental is his idea of how to handle our defeated enemies. "Hit them over the noggin with a two-by-four," he says. However reckless the Captain's notions may be, he insists that they are the product of earnest reflection. "A man in this business," he explains, "gets plenty of time to think things through."

THE war has not greatly altered Captain Johnson's way of life. It has guided him into new ports, deprived him violently of his first command, and compelled him to repress somewhat his jaunty impetuosity for the benefit of collective discipline in convoy. But the long monotony of his days at sea is much the same as it was in peacetime, and it is only by exercising considerable ingenuity that he manages to break up a routine as humdrum as a hermit's. When the weather is fair—and mostly it is—he arises at six, examines the star sights his chief mate has charted, and lays out the course to be followed until noon. At nine or ten he takes a sight of the sun to find out the approximate position of his ship and at noon he takes another to get his latitude. Until twilight, when the chief mate takes the evening star sights, he can leave navigation to the mates on watch. The routes he follows are laid down by the convoy commodore, and only emergency changes—to avoid other convoys or dodge airplanes or submarines—necessitate any revision of his daily routine. His duties, apart from navigation, are largely supervisory—seeing to it that the purser keeps up in his paperwork, conferring with his chief mate about what the crew should do, inspecting his vessel with the heads of the various departments, consulting with his chief engineer about his ship's performance. His sessions with the chief engineer are conducted with gelid formality, since he subscribes to the traditional belief of deck officers that engineers are nautical interlopers, roughly the equivalent of grease monkeys ashore, who seldom if ever pay any attention even to the most pressing demands of the deck department. It delights him when his mates, in playful moments, drop onions or potatoes down the ventilators which lead from the bridge to the engine room. "A rap on the skull," he often observes, "is the only thing that will keep those lazy bastards awake."

It is through his chief radio operator, however, that the Captain usually arranges the divertissements which at times make the Crabtree a singularly lively ship. Periodically he instructs the operator, a man of peculiar ingenuity, to cut in on the radio outlets provided for the officers and crew in the messrooms with a microphone controlled from the radio shack. The operator can interrupt a program whenever he likes, or the Captain orders, to address fictitious messages to the officers and men of the Crabtree. The messages are ordinarily delivered in the name of something the operator has christened the Special Maritime Service, and they cause quite an uproar in the messrooms. On a recent voyage of the Crabtree, a prim young officer, making his first trip as chief mate, was shocked to hear, at his supper, a voice over the loudspeaker in the saloon suddenly announce, "We interrupt this program of dance music to bring a special message to the chief officer of the Josiah Crabtree. The message reads: 'I am pregnant. Marriage imperative.' No signature. That is all. The Special Maritime Service returns you now to B.B.C." As the chief mate protested that the whole thing was a mistake, the Captain, sitting opposite him, leaned over to murmur, "For God's *sake*, you're naughty." By timing their special radio announcements with care, Captain Johnson and his chief operator have kept the officers and crews baffled and amused for as long as six months at a stretch. The Captain has had to abandon some of his other exuberant schemes for adapting the ship's radio to his own designs. A few months ago, he suggested to his chief operator that it might be possible to hook up the radio receiver to the ship's lighting system so that every light socket would be a potential source of radio entertainment. "Be just like a goddam hotel," he said enthusiastically. Unfortunately, the project had to be dropped because the engineers complained about short circuits every time the operator tried to set the plan in motion. Another idea the Captain had was to install a loudspeaker on the bridge of the Crabtree. Envious of the destroyers that weave their way through convoys issuing instructions by loudspeaker, he yearned to surprise the Navy by answering in kind. Only the earnest insistence of his mates that the Navy would not appreciate the gesture dissuaded him from having an amplifier rigged up.

"I forget the name, but it has an especially stupid face."

The rapport that exists between Captain Johnson and his chief radio operator, whom he calls "Sparkie," is keenest when they are working on innovations designed to distinguish the Josiah Crabtree from all other Liberties. At other times their relations are apt to be strained, most usually when the Crabtree is not travelling in a convoy. It is then the duty of the operator to inform the Captain of any diversions, or course changes, ordered by the shipping authorities ashore. The diversions are sent out to warn ships from any area where submarines have been discovered, and they often call for drastic alterations in direction. Since the Captain gets into an extravagantly independent frame of mind whenever he is running alone, he resents any instructions from shore officials, and even thinking about a diversion irritates him. One morning last winter, while the Crabtree was crossing the Arabian Sea unescorted, the chief operator appeared in the Captain's cabin with a message he had just decoded.

"We're being diverted, Captain," he said, "to five degrees east of position X."

"You hammerhead," the Captain said, "five degrees east would be Gibraltar. That message ain't for us."

"But, Captain," insisted the operator mildly, "it *is* for us. I just heard a sub warning from around the Laccadive Islands."

"A sub," the Captain growled. "For God's sake, there hasn't been a sub around here in fifty years. Take that nonsense out of here."

Having been through all this before, the operator tactfully went back to his shack for a while and then reappeared.

"You've got to do something about this diversion, Captain," he said.

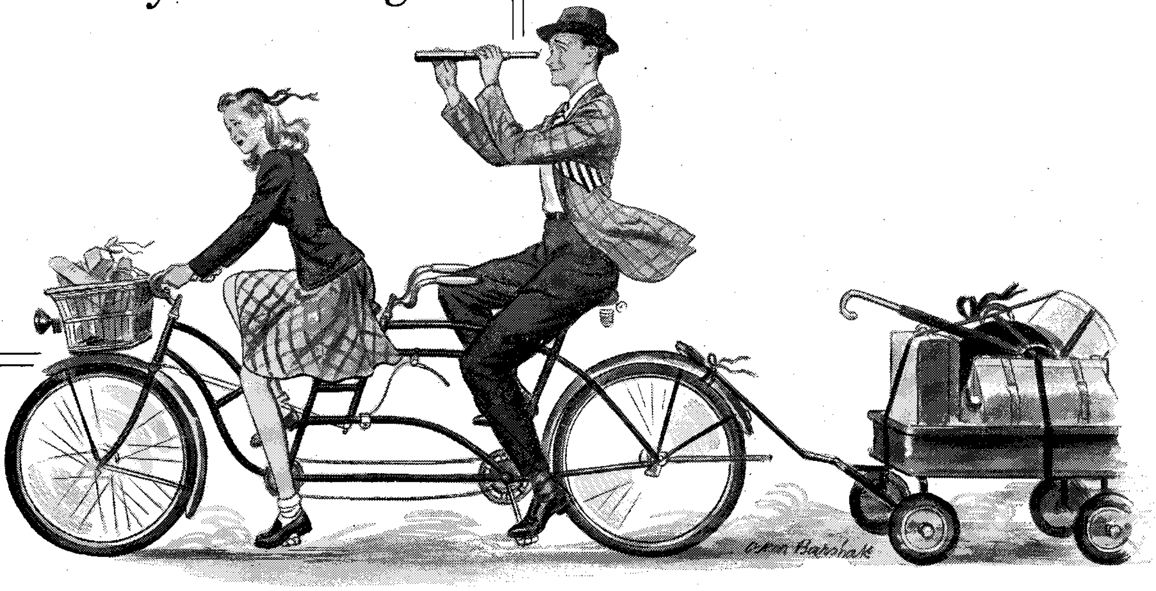
"I ain't going to take this tub back to Gibraltar," the Captain said flatly.

"It's not five degrees east longitude," the radio operator explained. "It's five degrees east of point X."

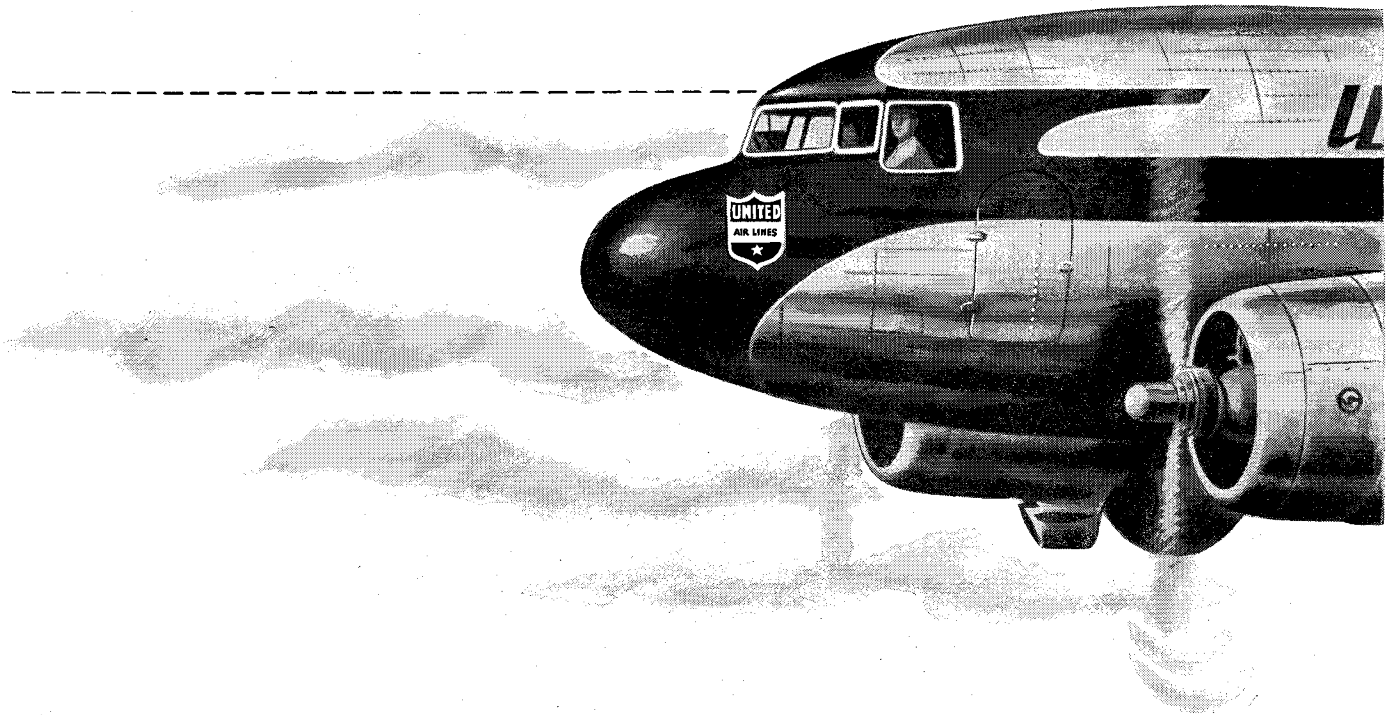
"Bureaucracy," the Captain muttered. "That's all it is—bureaucracy. Let's see that message."

After reading the message, the Captain went into the chartroom adjoining his cabin, laid out a new course, and told the mate on watch about the change

How far away is Chicago?

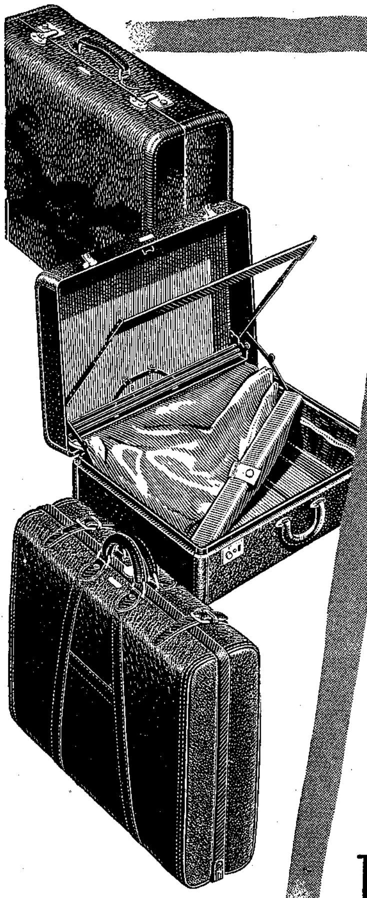


by bicycle . . . about 85 hours steady pedaling



by UNITED . . . 5 ho

Yes, United's is the straight, short, strategic Main Line Airway between New York and Chicago. 5 hours westbound; 4½ hours eastbound. 8 flights each day each way. Fare $38.85 one way. Also direct service between Washington, D. C., and Chicago. Call United for travel information to everywhere. MUrray Hill 2-7300.



The next time he visits Rome

...he hopes it will be with you and his Hartmann Luggage!

In a world at peace, he will want to visit *with you* some of the places he is seeing in a world at war . . .

ROME . . . CASABLANCA . . .
IMPHAL . . . SYDNEY . . .
NEW DELHI

When you and the world are ready, Hartmann Luggage will be ready too. Synonymous with travel, Hartmann Luggage cradles your clothes . . . takes you anywhere and back in comfort and with pride.

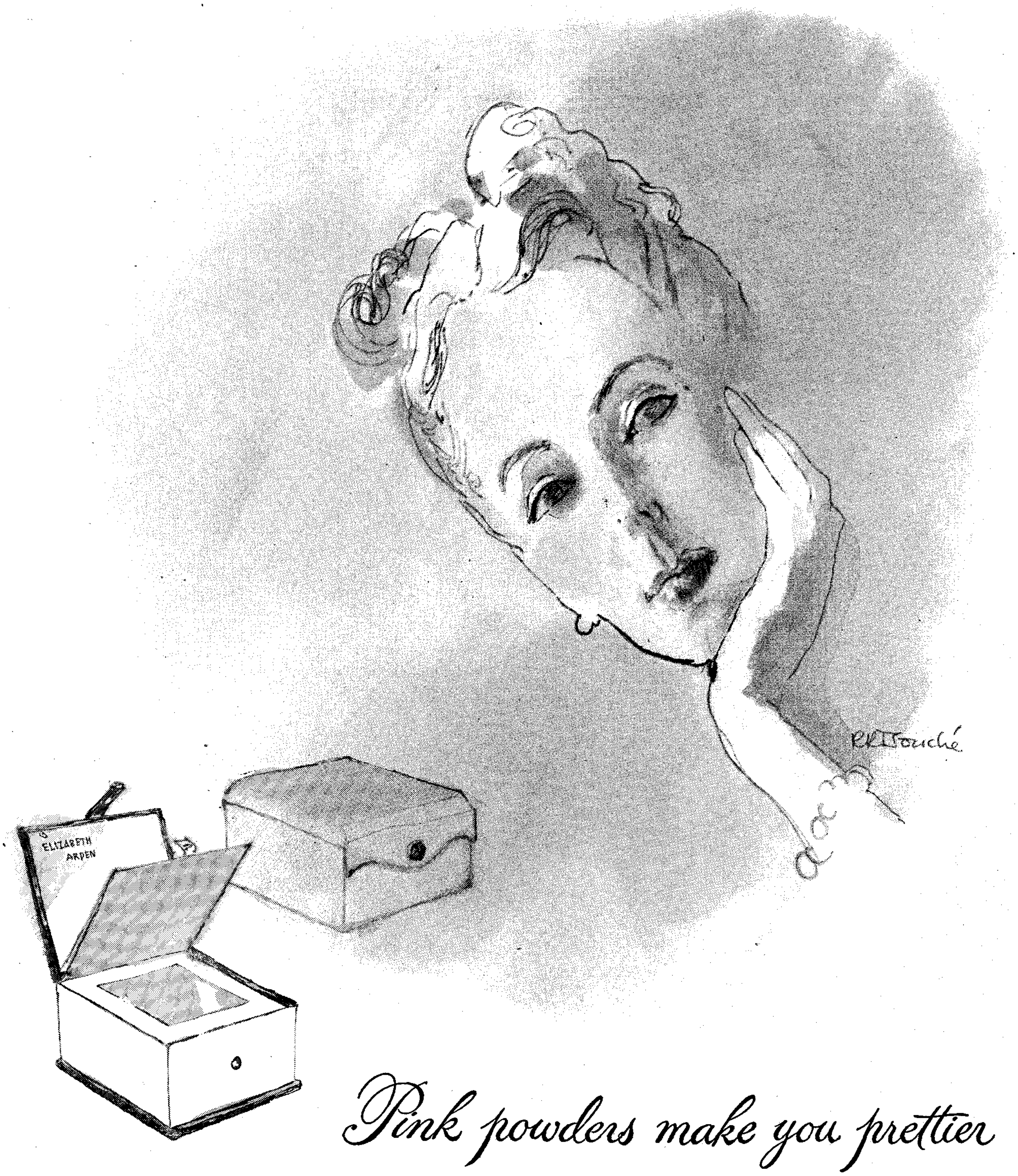
HARTMANN TRUNK CO., Racine, Wis.

HARTMANN
Luggage

of orders. Later on he dropped in on his radio operator. "Good thing we caught that diversion, Sparkie," he said amiably. "We were probably steaming right into a pack of them little squirts."

While Captain Johnson is tolerant of most of the failings of his crew, he has something less than a reasonable attitude toward illness. He has never been sick in his life and he can't see why anybody else should be. His manner is peremptory when he is called into the sick bay to look over patients whose ailments have baffled the mates. "Just another cream puff," he is likely to remark. "Give him some bismuth and ipecac." He prescribes bismuth and ipecac for almost everything, on the ground that they are tonics and can't do any harm, no matter what may ail the patient. Some time ago, in Calcutta, a second mate on the Crabtree, after spending a night ashore, began to run a furious fever. The chief mate suggested that the Captain decide what to do about the patient. Glancing coldly at the second mate as he lay damp and disconsolate in his bunk, the Captain announced, "Hangover. Give him a drink and some bismuth." Unfortunately, the second mate's temperature continued to rise, and finally the Captain had to call an ambulance to remove him to a hospital. There it was discovered that he had amoebic dysentery. When the Captain was told about it, he said, "All those quacks will do is give him some bismuth. He might just as well have stayed on board." Once a man has left the Crabtree, the Captain has no further interest in him. In fact, if there is the merest suggestion that anyone is likely to leave the ship's company, the Captain becomes indifferent toward him. In a Far Eastern port not long ago, one of his mates, while swimming in the river in which the Crabtree was anchored, was carried away by a flash flood brought on by a heavy rain. When the Captain was informed that the mate had floated out of sight and was presumably a goner, he said, "Well, I guess I'll have to promote one of those idiot cadets." Luckily, the mate was picked up by another ship anchored nearby and returned to the Crabtree.

WITH the passage of time, the perils of wartime navigation have, for Captain Johnson, become commonplace, like gales in the North Atlantic and dust storms in the Red Sea. He prepares for them with the same thoroughness that he prepares for natural disturbances, and he doesn't let the prospect of danger mar the pleasure he takes

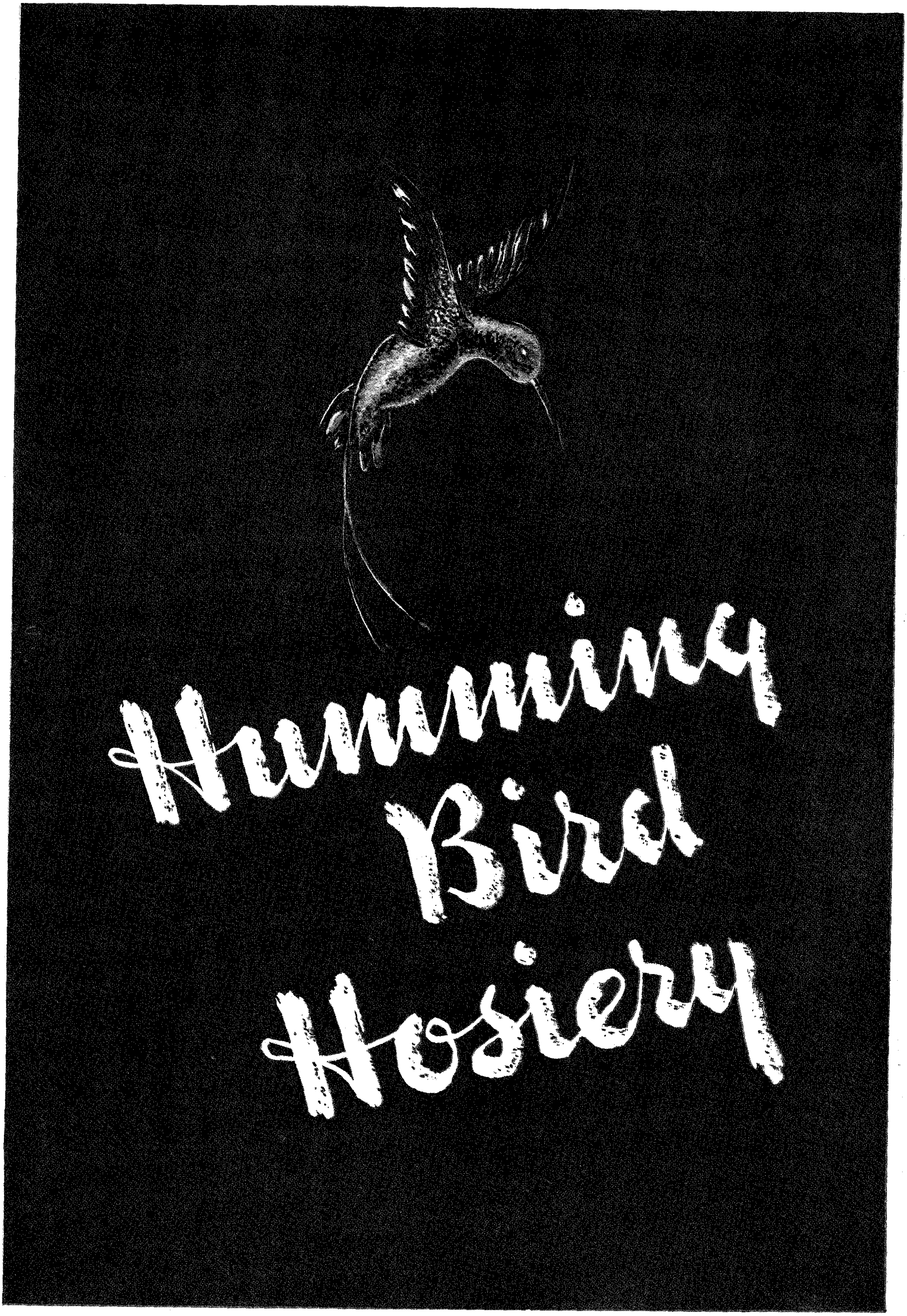


Pink powders make you prettier

The most flattering shade you can put on your face — so Elizabeth Arden suggests Renoir Pink Cameo Powder over Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder for daytime — to blend away fatigue lines, give a delicate, pearly look that is enchanting, indescribable. Then, when evening comes, take off your workaday clothes, forget this workaday world, put on Paradise Pink Cameo Powder over Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder — see the tired shadows disappear, your complexion grow young, luminous. Smile across the table with the confidence . . . the assurance . . . the sparkle . . . that are inevitably yours when you know you look your best.

The following is a complete Radiant Peony Make-up Harmony using Pink powders:
Renoir Pink Cameo Powder, 1.75 and 3.00, over Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder, 1.75 and 3.00
All Day Foundation Cream, Light Rosetta Bronze, 1.00
Radiant Peony Lipstick, 1.00 and 1.50 (refills .75) . . . Radiant Peony Nail Polish, .75
Eye Sha-do, Opal Blue and Soft Brown, 1.25 each . . . Eye Cosmetique, Brown, 1.50 (prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden


Humming
Bird
Hosiery

in his days at sea. That pleasure is so profound that he never feels too joyous at the prospect of getting into port. The confusion of arrival, the parade of officials, the relaxing of routine combine to put him into a low frame of mind. He doesn't even look forward wholeheartedly to ending a trip in New York. "There are too goddam many brass hats wandering around every time I get in," he says. However, the fact that his wife lives in New York makes up, he feels, for a lot. Mrs. Johnson, a small and resolute Southern woman whom the Captain married in 1930, lives in a $65-a-month apartment in Jackson Heights, surrounded by trophies of the Captain's travels. Since the war began, the simple little items like woodcarvings and dishes have been more or less superseded by formidable objects like bazookas and machine guns. Not long ago the Captain staggered home with a five-foot section of a Messerschmitt wing, complete with swastika, that he had had the crew tote aboard the Crabtree from a military dump in Italy. He thinks it looks nice propped up against the imitation fireplace in the living room. Because the Captain has a sailor's casual way with money, his wife takes care of the family finances. Nowadays the Captain's base pay is four hundred and fifteen dollars a month, and his earnings come to around seventy-five hundred dollars a year when war bonuses are added. The Captain hopes that he will be able eventually to save ten thousand dollars. Then he plans to retire, with his wife, to Tennessee, his wife's native state, where he figures they can live on a thousand dollars a year. "Ten years ashore," he says, "and I ought to be dead or ready to die." —JOHN McCARTEN

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

. . . Collier and Jack sat with Mr. Frohman at Shanley's. They were having lobster. When served, Jack saw that one of the lobster's claws was missing. He called the waiter's attention to this.

"I know," the waiter said, "but these here fellers is brought to us alive. They fight terrible. And sometimes they bite each other's claw off."

"Then take this crustacean back," Jack said, "and bring me the winner."—*From "Good Night, Sweet Prince," by Gene Fowler, published Jan. 10, 1944.*

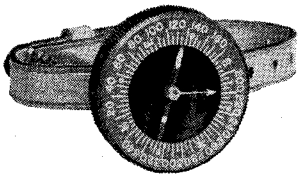
Damon Runyon reports that when Sailor Tom Sharkey, the old heavyweight, was served lobster with a claw missing he demanded to know why. "Oh, he had a fight with another lobster," said the waiter. "Well, then," roared Sharkey, "bring me the winner."—*From a sports column in the Washington Post, Aug. 20, 1944.*

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

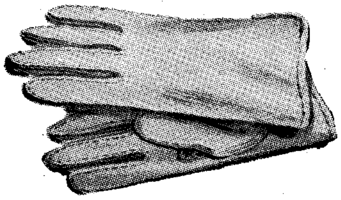
Swinging free

All our sports and outdoor clothes are designed exactly for the need. Our sleeveless hunting coat is lightweight but of tough Army duck, and enables the hunter to swing freely for a right-left double. There are shell loops on each side, four outside pockets and one large game pocket.

Send for our new booklet "Clothes for Outdoors"

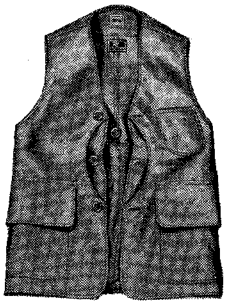


WRIST COMPASS $5.00
Liquid filled. Plastic case. Unbreakable crystal. Luminous needle. Accurate. 2" diameter.



SHOOTING GLOVES $3.00
Split pigskin, soft and flexible but long wearing. Washable. Brown only.

WOOL HUNTING SHIRT . . $9.00
Heavyweight outdoor shirt. Red and black or white and black.



SLEEVELESS HUNTING COAT . $4.50
Lightweight but tough Army duck. Shell loops, and large game pocket with convenient openings.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 30, 1944

Normally the New York Red Cross Blood Bank takes the blood of some 1600 donors a day. The morning after the hurricane 478 new donors showed up early, despite demoralized transportation. Reason:

Since the previous Monday, Arthur Godfrey, the notable Washington early-bird on CBS station WABC (New York), had been carrying on a one-man blood bank drive. On 40 different radio programs he made 47 separate appeals. On Friday morning (Sept. 15) on the air he interviewed donors as their blood was being taken. A Mrs. Ricardi from Jersey had hitch-hiked in around fallen trees; Godfrey gave her quite a citation. By 8 a.m. the Red Cross had to call a halt—couldn't handle new donors. Suddenly 45 U. S. Coast Guardsmen showed up and said their blood was as good as anybody's, so they were permitted to give it, too.

That afternoon, Godfrey traveled with 4 mobile units to Westchester, Jersey and Queens to pick up more donors. And to top off the day and the week he appeared that night under the CBS television camera at WCBW (New York) and was televised giving the ninth pint of his own blood. Meanwhile, throughout the week, city and suburban hospitals had reported steady increase in donors, traceable to Our Man Godfrey, Early Rising and Self-Starting Patriot.

★

And speaking of the hurricane, in the 27½ hours between 1:30 p.m. Thursday and 5 p.m. Friday, September 15, CBS broadcast to the hurricane areas 32 station break announcements, 4 special emergency bulletins and two 15-minute round-up programs. At 9:30 Thursday night, when the storm hit New York with its maximum fury, a CBS technician climbed to the anemometer on the roof of the Weather Bureau Building, reported a gust at 98 m.p.h. and came back a shaken man.

★

(Please buy another War Bond today)

This is CBS ...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE THEATRE

WELTERWEIGHT

"WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (and robbed of my Bartlett, I would be among the last to tell you that "Make hay, etc." comes from the eleventh chapter of "Don Quixote") is an English drawing-room comedy, distinguished from the rest of its species largely by the fact that the heroine, the hero, and his two rivals have been dressed up in the uniforms of the United Nations. Terence Rattigan's little piece at the Lyceum is not a war play, however; it is just a play that has felt obliged to make certain arbitrary concessions to a war. If the characters in Noel Coward's "Private Lives" were similarly disguised as British Waafs, seamen in the Royal Navy, American bombardiers, and de Gaullist lieutenants, the effect would be somewhat the same. Disregarding its military aspects, then, "While the Sun Shines" is the sort of stylish romp that appears to enchant our cousins over the sea (this one was a very gratifying success in London), while sometimes causing parochial Americans to wonder if the humor that comes out of Oxford and Mayfair is quite as funny as advertised.

Mr. Rattigan's play, to get down to the facts, is about an earl who is heir to a fortune approximating eight million dollars but who is unfortunately either too scatterbrained or debilitated to rise above the rank of common seaman in His Majesty's Navy. At the beginning, he is placidly engaged to Lady Elizabeth Randall, an entirely suitable match, since he is rich and she is virginal and they both talk like characters in the once admired works of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Almost immediately, however, the author introduces the bombardier, who has been sleeping off a drunk in the hero's fashionable chambers at the Albany; the Free French lieutenant, whom the heroine happens to have picked up on a train; and a rather gay girl called Mabel Crum, who has been the earl's mistress but is now more or less on the town. There is obviously material here for quite a little emotional tangle, and Mr. Rattigan makes the most of it, popping people in and out of love and their pajamas with the highest possible spirits.

In a way, all this has its innocent appeal, though after an act and a half the complications of the plot begin to get a little monotonous and the whole thing, I'm afraid, is far removed from the light but authentic charm of such a vaguely kindred piece as "The Voice of the Turtle." In addition to those mentioned above, whose conversation is mostly about love, Mr. Rattigan has provided the inevitable comic butler (this one can't find any place to sleep) and a really valuable invention in the heroine's father, the Duke of Ayr and Stirling, a disreputable old sport who has some shady connection with a zipper company. Without this admirable man, played with broad emphasis by Melville Cooper, "While the Sun Shines" might have seemed too slender and familiar for Broadway competition. As it is, I think it will probably do very well.

The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman with his customary pace and ingenuity, consists of Anne Burr, Stanley Bell, Lewis Howard, Alexander Ivo, Cathleen Cordell, J. P. Wilson, and Mr. Cooper, as noted. In my opinion, Miss Burr and Mr. Bell are rather unhappily cast as the titled lovers, neither being fully equipped for epigrammatic passion, but on the whole they manage things agreeably enough. The others are O.K., or better.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

●

Impatient politicians—and people—are asking why Governor Thomas E. Dewey has delayed so long in opening his campaign against President Roosevelt. They seem to feel that it is time for the Republican nominee to be up and at 'em. Well, it is a natural question, and here is the answer which friends of the New York executive give:

The water percentage of milk is 87%; of watermelon 92.4%; of porterhouse steak 60%; of cod fish 82.6%; of an egg 74%.

United States naval shipping losses since Pearl Harbor represent $1,600,000,000.

Beer made from barley was drunk in Babylon in 5000-6000 B.C.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.*

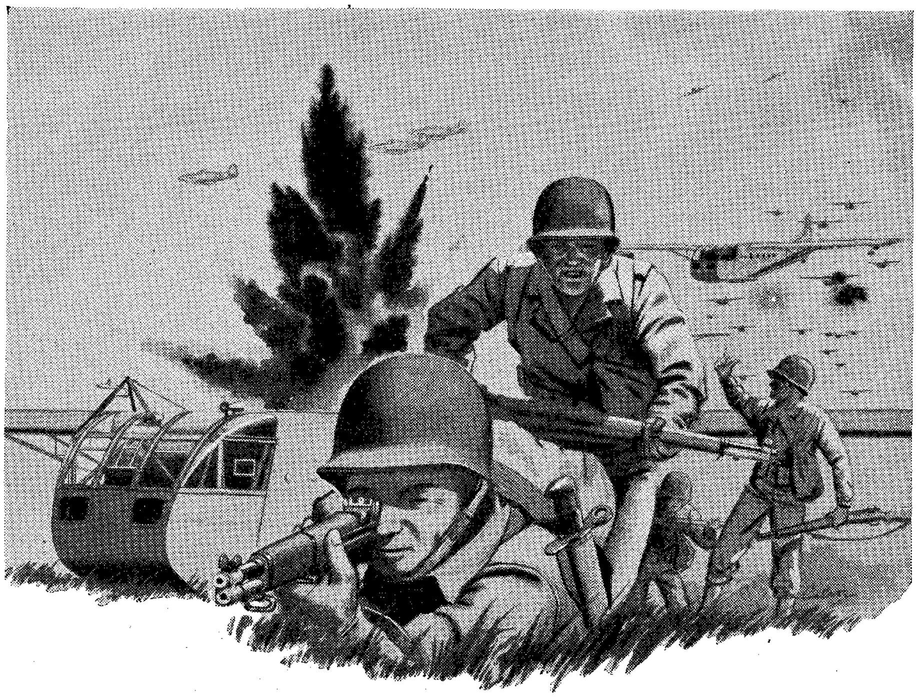
Well, he's up and at 'em now.

The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening B
The Evenin
The Evening Bu
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

It is our duty to report that Mr. Different is still indulging in sundry pastimes; but further and more to the point, that nearly 4 out of every 5 Philadelphia families continue their daily reading of The Evening Bulletin. All of which adds up to a circulation figure in excess of 600,000.

(*Advertisement*)



. . . AND THE GLIDERS LED THE WAY

They said it would come on a night when the tide was right—and that's the way it was.

Some guessed that it would be Denmark, while others predicted it would be the Low Countries or straight across the Channel. But those who guessed that it would be Normandy were right because that's the way it was.

They claimed that the planes would be like swarms of locusts in the sky and the ships so numerous that a man would be able to walk from shore to shore without once getting his feet wet—and that's the way it was.

And leading the way, they said, would be the paratroopers and the *glider-borne infantrymen, disrupting communications deep within the enemy's lines hours before the first assault wave hit the beaches. That's how they said it would be—and that's the way it was.

**You have read how the airborne infantry, thousands of them transported in giant gliders, struck the first invasion blow. These gliders were designed by* WACO *and were manufactured by* WACO, *or by the eleven other companies building gliders with the aid of* WACO *blueprints and engineering supervision. After the war, you can rely on* WACO*—one of the oldest names in commercial aviation—to continue the* WACO *tradition of better planes for better flying.*
THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, *Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.*

Waco

WACO AIRPLANES

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

OF ALL THINGS

GOVERNOR DEWEY'S visit to the Pacific Coast was fraught with peril. He was in a train wreck in Washington and in California he accidentally swallowed the New Deal.

•

It is no longer really true that the Führer is fighting with his back to the wall. There are no more walls he can turn his back to.

•

The President announces that we have no intention of feeding the hungry Germans. They will get nothing from us except a lot of food for thought.

•

A speech expert declares that Roosevelt and Dewey are equally good radio performers. It must be a great relief to the Republicans not to have to revive those dismal old cracks about crooners.

•

The Republicans are distressed because Winston Churchill put in a little plug for Roosevelt in Quebec. They claim that no foreigner has any right to speak kindly of our President at a critical time like this.

•

The Political Action Committee has complicated matters by endorsing two Republican candidates for the Senate—Aiken of Vermont and Saltonstall of Massachusetts. It would be embarrassing if the G. O. P. had to start clearing things through Sidney.

•

The Texas Supreme Court has ruled that the pro-Roosevelt electors will appear on the ballot. Apparently, the citizens of the Lone Star State will have to vote for the same candidates that the rest of us do.

•

The *Stars and Stripes* warns our soldiers not to be deceived by friendly Nazi prisoners. According to the Army paper, smiling German faces are probably nothing but booby traps.

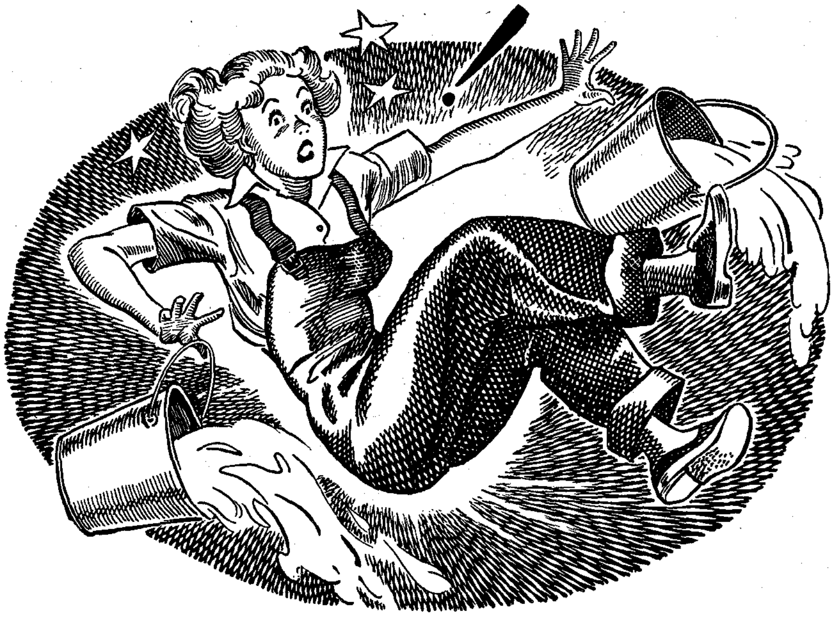
•

The O. P. A. has put an end to bicycle rationing. This means that anybody at all can now go right out and buy a bike, if anybody at all can find a bike to buy. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. IX

The Bucolic Babe

Who Tried to Parlay a Silk Purse out of Some Cow's Beer



ONCE UPON A TIME, a Dairymaid named Minnie, mooching her milky way down a rural road, carrying two cans of lactic fluid, got to musing about what she'd do with the dough due her for its delivery.

Being a frugal frail, Minnie decided to buy some setting eggs, hatch chicks, and peddle the pullets at peak prices . . . with the idea of acquiring a new dress designed to yoke a yokel at the next barn dance.

Carried away by the thought and, in her imagination, already playing hard-to-make, haughty Minnie missed her step, fell on her cans, and spilt the milk.

Moral: **Never count your chickens, human or otherwise, before they're hatched. Right now there's an unfortunate tendency to believe that soaring national income has made all Americans fertile prospects for our products; that selectivity is silly; and that mass incubation, through the broadest possible application of media, is in order. 'Tain't so! The latest available figures prove otherwise. Today, the middle millions are, after savings and taxes, still making 60 per cent of the nation's purchases. And today, as always, the *happy medium to America's middle millions is* . . . . . .**

THE American MAGAZINE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

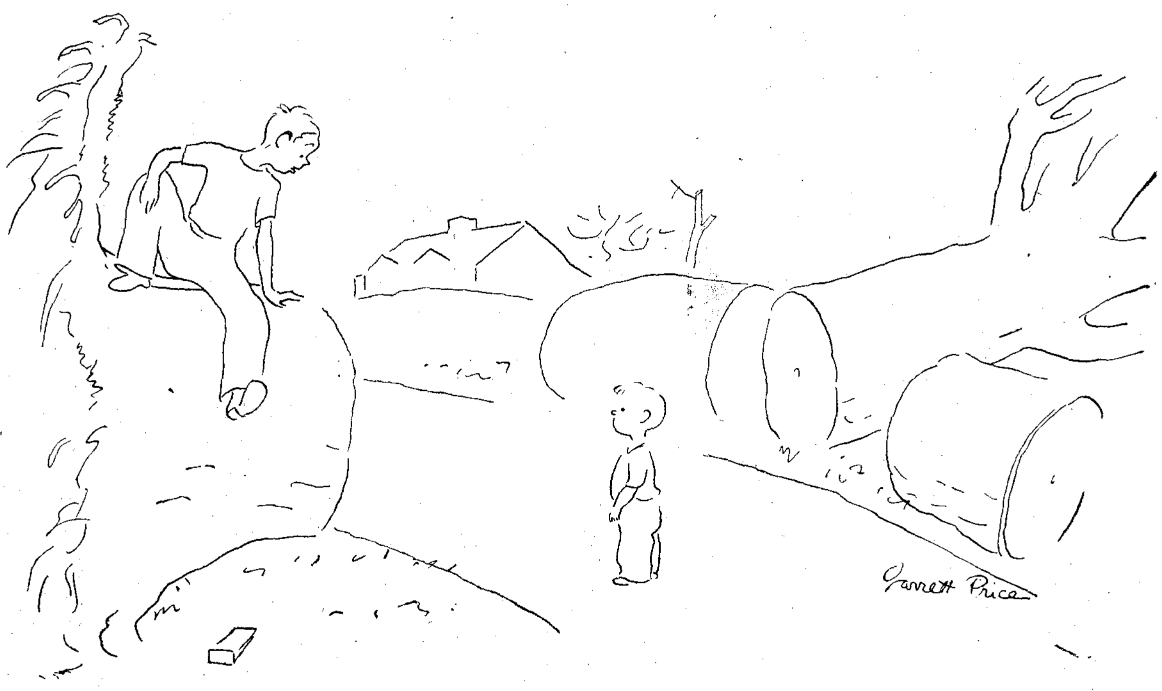
PATHANS BEHIND THE ROCKS

It is refreshing to find Hollywood vindicated, even if you have to go to the Khyber Pass to do so. I went there a while ago at the invitation of a British brigadier in the Indian Army, who had invited me to observe an annual maneuver called the Opening of the Road, put on by His Majesty's troops stationed in the North-West Frontier Province. As I stood high up on a cliff overlooking the narrow, tortuous canyon of the Pass and watched a thin line of men and mules worming their way along below while a brisk wind whipped into my face from the distant, snow-capped peaks of Afghanistan, I was struck by the astonishing resemblance of the country to the movies, specifically "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." I said as much to one of the brigadier's staff. "I've been looking behind every rock, expecting to find a tribesman with a rifle there," I said. "Don't stop looking," the aide said. "Maybe you will."

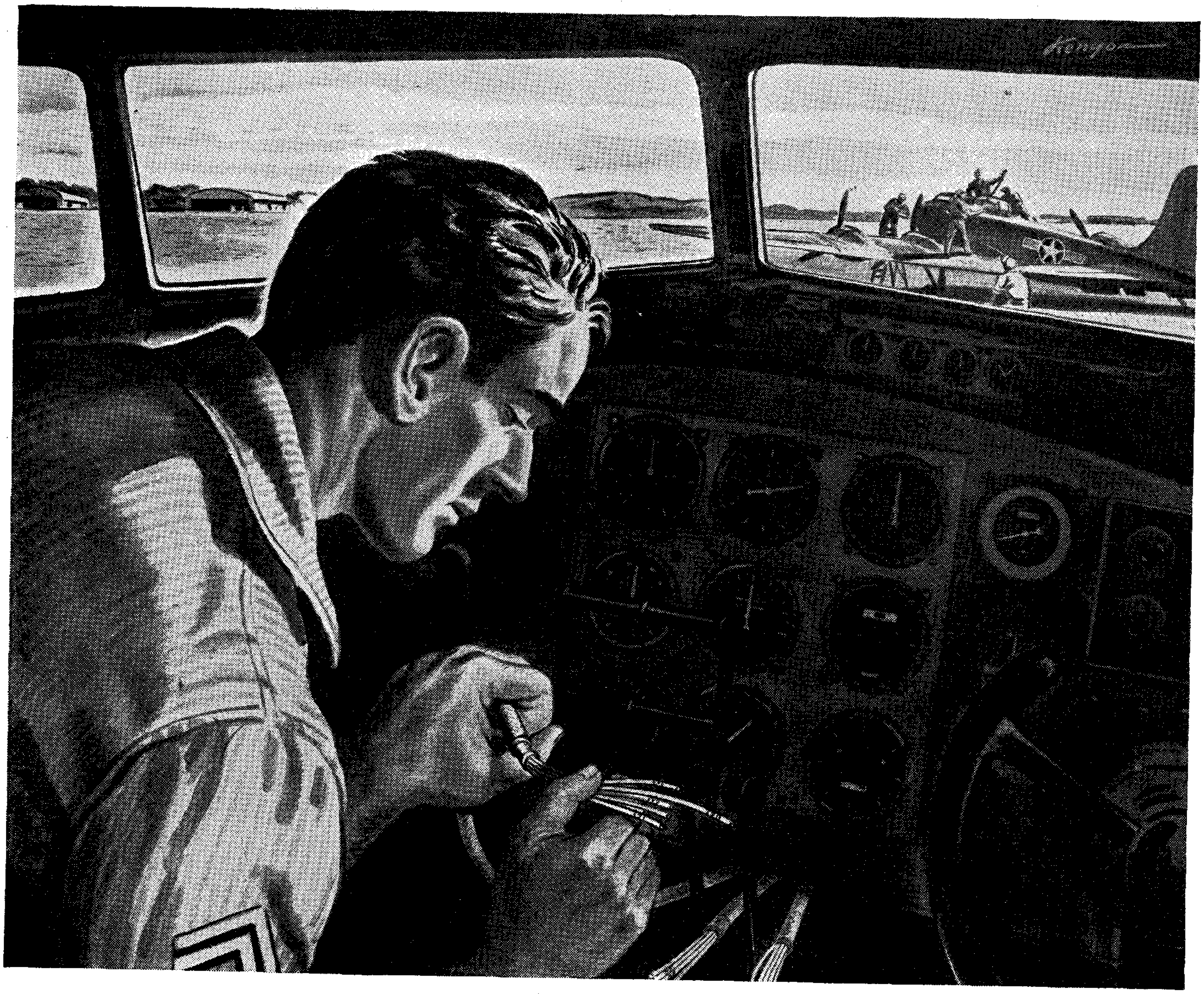
The North-West Frontier is a fourteen-thousand-square-mile province in whose hills the British have trained native Indian troops who have later seen action on many distant battlefields, including the similarly jagged hills of Italy. One interesting aspect of the traditional maneuvers held at this remote entrance to India is that there is never any certainty that they will not develop into something more realistic than what has been planned. "You know," the brigadier told me, "what I like best about the Frontier is that you never can be sure whether you're playing or fighting." He squinted at the mountains through his field glasses. His legs, bare below their khaki shorts, were turning blue from the cold wind, but he was too preoccupied to notice his discomfort. "Now, take these maneuvers," he said. "Supposing the Pathans refuse to consider them maneuvers. Supposing they attack that column down there. I say"—he laid his glasses down and clasped his hands together in front of him with delight—"wouldn't that be grand!"

The Pathans are a powerful group of bearded, nomadic Moslems who roam the plains along the border between British India and Afghanistan. There are many tribes in the area, all of them loosely called Pathans (pronounced "Pa-*tahns*"). Some Pathans are now in the Indian Army; they make fine soldiers, being especially proficient at sniping. Those who have remained at home are habitually engaged in small, inconclusive battles with the British border forces. The conflict is essentially economic. There are only three million inhabitants in the North-West Frontier, a comparative handful in densely populated Asia, but the land is not rich and its inhabitants are all poor. The wilder ones, at the western end of the province, are theoretically governed by a British agent responsible, through a governor at Peshawar, the capital of the province, to the Viceroy, but the agent's authority is negligible. He makes no attempt to collect taxes from his temperamental constituents. In fact, on behalf of the local British, who prudently live behind stockades, he pays the Pathans an annual retainer in an attempt to keep them pacified. It rarely does. They make most of their meagre living by raiding the plains and carrying off cattle, and occasionally carrying off the owner of the cattle, too, if he appears to be worth a substantial ransom. They are nearly all armed with rifles. The Germans and Turks stirred them up to even greater activity during the last war, and the Germans, acting through agents, have attempted the same thing during this war, but the Pathans now seem disposed to confine their anti-British activities to their routine, informal opposition. There is a theory that if the British really wanted to, they could subdue this perennial foe permanently without too much trouble, but that the older and more conservative Army officers, who make the decisions, have no great urge to do this. They supposedly regard the continuous waging of this local war as, among other things, a method of giving the Indian Army practical training; besides, they are reluctant to start anything that might change local customs. For many years, farmers in the plains and mountaineers from the peaks of Nepal have been brought to the barren hills of the Frontier to engage in costly and meaningless battle against the resident hillbillies. It has been going on longer than the oldest brigadier can remember, and seems likely to go on forever, like the World Series. It is all in the best border tradition.

As we watched the men and mules crawl through the brownish-gray canyon, the brigadier was in an imperial mood. "For decades," he said, "the finest regiments of British India have been stationed along this frontier and have covered themselves with glory against these sharpshooting tribespeople. And all this time, you know, these regiments were protecting this great subcontinent from attack. The road down



"*Of course you wouldn't remember the hurricane of thirty-eight.*"



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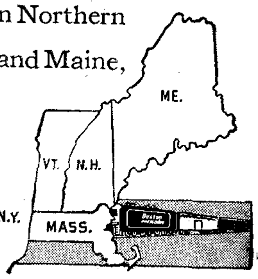

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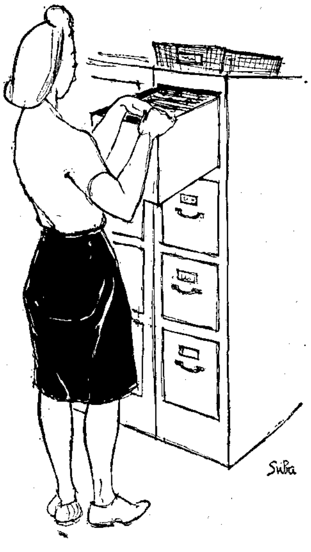
there is the historic invasion route from Europe via the Middle East, through Afghanistan, straight into the heart of India. Behind those mountain tops sits the Russian Bear. And who wants to see that powerful old mammal come crashing down into our yard?" I must have raised my eyebrows slightly, for the brigadier hastily added, "Speaking historically. Now, of course, it's Germany. Old man Hitler intended to emulate Genghis Khan and Alexander and break through Afghanistan into India. No doubt he would have tried, if El Alamein hadn't stopped him. Indian troops fought there, too, you remember. Learned their stuff right here, in maneuvers like these.

"You know," he went on, "to the best of my information, our little wars with the Pathans are the only ones today that are being fought strictly according to the rules. See that village over there? Well, let's suppose it were sheltering a dangerous criminal—an outlaw, as we'd say here. Suppose the villagers had refused to hand him over to our militia and that we had decided to turn the case over to the air force for a bombing. You understand, of course, that we would take such drastic measures only after the most careful deliberation. But even then, would we dart over there and bomb the devil out of those rebellious Pathans? Never." The brigadier peered through his binoculars at a far-off hill, topped by a village that didn't look at all rebellious. "We always give them ample warning," he said, indicating by his change of tenses that he had left the field of speculation. "We tell them a day in advance that we're going to bomb them, and then the villagers go out into the hills and watch the spectacle. Sometimes they actually cheer our pilots and seem to enjoy the show as much as if it were a grand opera."



I asked him for another example of a local ground rule.

"His Majesty's troops never fire the first shot," he said, in an almost recitative tone. "Never. If the Pathans feel like taking pot shots at us, well and good. We repay them in kind. But it's up to them to fire first." He added that the Pathans usually play the game according to the rules, too. "They love it," he said. "Have a fine fighting tradition—been feuding among themselves for generations. Another rule *we* observe is taking care of our dead and wounded. We always bring our casualties back, even when we have to pick them up under fire. The Pathans aren't very sporting about that. Ever since they became aware that we won't leave any of our wounded on the field, they've taken advantage of us. They'll cause a couple of casualties and then lie in wait and get some more of our men when they go out to help. Terribly embarrassing, and it increases our losses. But it's one of our rules.

"You'll see what I mean," the brigadier continued. "For example, this opening-of-the-road affair. The idea of the maneuver is that a regiment is going to open up some four miles of road for a truck convoy, but before it pushes forward, it has to make sure that a dozen of those hilltops flanking the road are secure, both from the forces maneuvering against it—our own forces, the loyal opposition, you might say, assigned to represent the Pathans—and, of course, from the real Pathans. So we make it a practice to post pickets on the hills. See that hill over there—the narrow cone?" He consulted a map. "That's Height Number Fifty-three. It's one of the features to be secured before we can proceed, to prevent a simulated Pathan flanking move." I looked at the cone and saw it suddenly come to life. A platoon of soldiers was swarming up its shoulder, the lead man carrying a large piece of red canvas on his back. "For the mortar crews," the brigadier explained. "They have to lay their barrage above that red patch." The climbing platoon ducked into a depression and melted into the mountainside for a few moments, then rushed up again at the double. Soon it had reached the summit of Number Fifty-three.

"No opposition," said the brigadier, almost with a sigh. He said that the Pathans would often hide just behind the crest of such a hill and wait for the pickets to get all the way up. Then, when they were standing there, panting, the tribesmen would open fire from behind the rocks, just as I had seen them do against Gary Cooper. This time, however, all was quiet on Height Fifty-three. The occupying platoon, whose

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equipment seemed to include the entire stock of a dry-goods store, proceeded to spread a large sheet of white canvas on the hilltop, to indicate, the brigadier explained, that it was in British hands. "I say," he then called out to a group of officers some fifty feet below us. "Major Cowles, could you step up here for a minute?"

An officer detached himself and came up nimbly, dancing from rock to rock. "Just like a mountain goat," the brigadier said. "The Major here represents a wolf in sheep's clothing," he went on, untroubled by his zoological mixup. "A sort of Fifth Column. . . . I say, Cowles, what's the matter with your forces? I thought Fifty-three was one of their hideouts." The Major grinned mysteriously. "Last-minute change of plan, sir," he said. "Surprises."

MAJOR COWLES, the leader of the loyal opposition in the day's maneuvers, was a cheery young man with a small mustache and bright-blue eyes. He suggested that I climb down with him and follow the regiment as it moved through the canyon. Leaving the brigadier at his lofty observation post, Cowles and I picked our way down to the road, while he voiced the eternal lament of the soldier—that he would rather have been stationed almost anywhere except where he was. "The devil with this vest-pocket war!" he said. "Here we are fighting for tremendous stakes all over the world, and a young fellow like me has to get bogged down for more than a year in this blasted no man's land, where they have had the same pointless war for three generations, regardless of what has been going on outside. I've put in for transfer to the front—the real front, up in Burma—but no luck so far."

I asked him if he had seen much action along the Frontier. "Nothing very sharp around here," he said. "The Pathans are quite pacified, really. Interesting, too, that a world war hasn't stepped up the tempo of tribal truculence. In the last war, the Pathans were aroused by enemy agents to such an extent that they came down into the plains of India, and we had to fight full-blown battles to drive them back into the hills. This time they're behaving rather well. In fact, there seems to be some Frontier chivalry mixed up in it all. At the beginning of the war, when Britain was on the ropes, the Pathans gave no trouble at all. It was as if they'd made up their minds not to embarrass us when everybody else was embarrassing us. Now that they know we've

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got up from our defeats, they're getting a bit more cocky. But nothing serious, really. The thing to realize about the Pathan is that he's a peaceful bloke, fundamentally."

By then we had reached the road and were following the tail end of the procession of soldiers and mules. There was a crackle of rifle fire—blanks, of course—from the left. Cowles stopped, listened, and grinned. "I've planted my attacking forces on the wrong side of Height Sixty-one," he said. "The brigadier wasn't expecting them over there." The rifle fire began again. "But to tell you the truth, that's only a feint. The real attack will come from the right flank. Toward the end of our stretch of the road. Care to watch?" I nodded, and we walked on faster, to get ahead of the convoy.

The soldiers on the road, like most soldiers of the two-million-man Indian Army, were a mixed crowd. There were colossal bearded Sikhs, Punjabi Mussulmans with peaked turbans, and tough-looking Gurkhas with Chinese features. A few Pathan tribesmen, seemingly disinterested and placid lookers-on from the mud villages back in the hills, sat by the roadside, watching the column pass. Every one of these spectators had a rifle in what appeared to be excellent condition. "You know," Cowles said, "for the first time in these parts, they tell me, the price of a British-made rifle is higher than the price of a woman. Funny, too, how they get hold of them—the rifles, I mean. A friend of mine, a captain, was stationed in one of our outposts down in Waziristan"—he pointed vaguely to the south—"and he used to leave the fort to walk his dog every night after supper. He'd go out all alone, and of course he'd carry his rifle. Well, one night, just the dog came back. They found the captain in a ditch, mutilated and all that, minus the gun. Not a single shot had been fired. Fearful, really, how they'll sneak up on you from behind." We walked for a moment in silence. "It was a small wire-haired fox terrier," he added.

I had gathered during my stay in Peshawar that such tales were common along the Frontier. Most of the stories involved murder, and there was a scattering of anecdotes about arson, robbery, and kidnapping. The Frontier has a special law—the Murderous Outrages Regulation—which authorizes a sessions judge to string a man up within twenty-four hours after arrest if he considers the fellow a "fanatic." Despite that deterrent, the province still runs up a known total of seven hundred murders—mostly among the natives—in an average year. I took a good, thoughtful look at the next group of Pathan tribesmen we passed, but I could detect no blood lust in their eyes. They were dull-faced peasants, tall and muscular, with classic profiles which, the amateur ethnologists at the horseshoe bar of the Peshawar Club believed, indicated that they had once been Greeks. The Pathans' forefathers were thought to have been left to garrison these hills by Alexander the Great during his blitzkrieg advance into India, and to have been forgotten when he disengaged himself and went home down the Indus River.

The Major was still absorbed in thoughts of tribal violence. "You have heard of the Fakir of Ipi?" he asked as we strode on toward the Afghan end of the pass. I had not. "He gives our chaps in Waziristan the thrill of a permanent show, more or less," Cowles said. "He has a battery of two or three homemade field pieces and he seems to have managed to steal some of our ammunition. Well, he uses the stuff with some economy but not always without accuracy. A disgraceful situation, if you think of it."

I suggested that it would be possible to drop a few meaningful bombs on the Fakir after, naturally, due warning.

"Can't be done," said the Major. "Those people live in caves and you can't hit them from the air. Besides, if you go after them, they'll disappear over the border into Afghanistan, which is neutral."

"You mean to say the British Empire is unable to deal with a rebellious little tribal chief who lives in a cave with a couple of homemade guns?" I asked.

"Quite," said the Major.

WHEN we reached a bend in the road, we halted. Some Gurkhas were resting there, squatting by their

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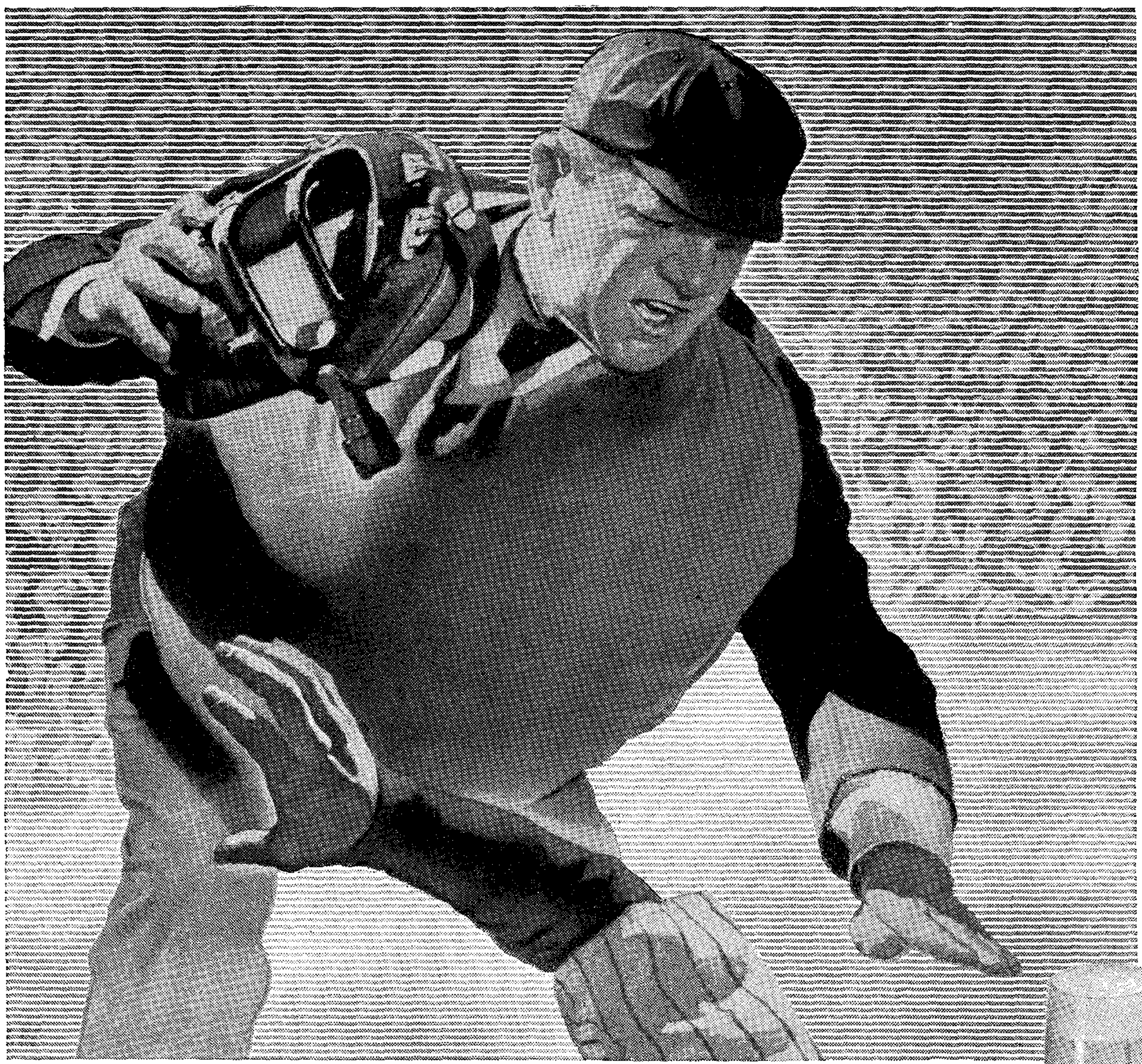

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mules and having chow, joking and laughing, as if to belie their reputation of being the world's most ferocious fighters. Other soldiers, rifles in hand, were crouching behind a parapet of rocks, keeping their eyes on the steep hill flanking the left side of the road. Remembering that the Major had told me the main attack would come from the right flank, I looked in that direction. The terrain on that side seemed highly inappropriate for a surprise assault. It was level country, sloping slightly from the roadbed toward a range of low, naked hills. The Major pointed a swagger stick at it. "Not much protection this way, eh?" he said.

I had started to reply when I heard a ha-ha-ha-ha of rifle fire from precisely the area toward which Cowles had just flourished his stick. The Gurkhas jumped to their feet, and the sentries who had been covering the overhanging slope to our left wheeled and pointed their weapons in amazement at the naked slope to the right. They were too late. A wave of men in uniform had sprung up and were bounding toward us, ducking into gullies and ditches, leaping up again, and dashing forward. The Gurkhas, no longer joking, were frantically manipulating the bolts of their rifles, sliding blank cartridges into the breaches. Only a few of them were able to fire before the "enemy" soldiers had advanced so close that, you might say, we could count the hairs of their beards. They were Sikhs. Cowles, beside himself with joy, slapped his thigh vigorously. "They're coming! They're coming!" he yelled. "Nothing can stop them now! What foolishness, what utter foolishness, to leave that flank exposed!"

In a moment the attackers had overrun the road. They pounced on the still dumfounded Gurkhas, grabbed a couple of rifles to symbolize their victory, overturned a vehicle or two, shouting gleefully, and then disappeared, nearly as quickly as they had arrived, around the hill to our left. The entire action had not taken more than two minutes. The road was strewn with fake corpses; the Gurkhas in our outfit hadn't waited for an umpire to come along and declare them dead. They had been thoroughly demolished by the surprise attack and were lying calmly in the ditch along the road, their lips parted in the suggestion of a smirk. Cowles punched me in the ribs. "Look who's here!" he cried gaily.

It was the brigadier, hopping mad. He had just bounced out of a staff car and was grimly surveying the scene of the debacle. "Who was in charge of this section?" he said. A dead Gurkha revived himself sufficiently to respectfully offer his belief that a captain responsible for the flank's being left unguarded was up ahead somewhere with a party of pickets. "That captain is going to catch hell," said Cowles, gloating.

"Just look at this!" shouted the brigadier. "Disastrous! When are these fellows ever *going* to learn that a stretch of open country isn't always as harmless as it looks? It's dangerous as the devil, and that's exactly how the Pathans like to stage their attacks." He peered at two recumbent Gurkhas who were curled up in the ditch. "Well done, Cowles, you old buzzard, well done," he said. "God, how I wish we had live ammunition! Maybe that would teach people to watch out." He was looking at the Gurkhas, whose motionless faces still bore a fixed smirk. Then he jumped into his car and drove off toward the Afghan end of the pass, as if he had to catch up with the remiss captain before that outmaneuvered gentleman could reach the sanctuary of neutral Afghanistan. "I don't think the brigadier actually meant that about live ammunition," said Major Cowles, flushed with success, kindliness, and a feeling of brotherhood. "He's really a good bloke."

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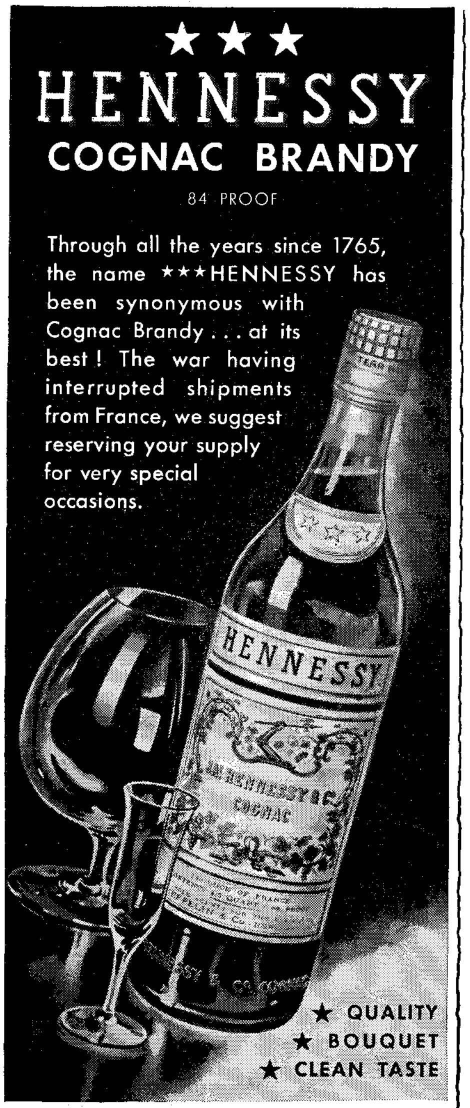
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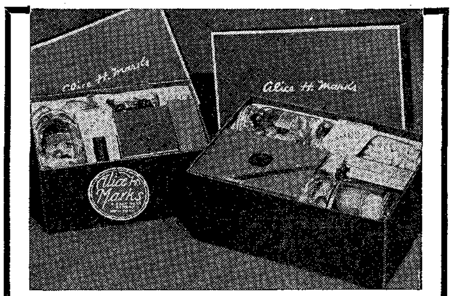
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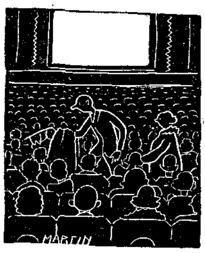
THE CURRENT CINEMA

It All Depends

NOT having read the Daphne du Maurier novel called "Frenchman's Creek," I am powerless to say how it compares with the picture of the same name. My guess, like any gallant fellow's, would be that it compares favorably. However, it is well for those of us on whom Technicolored films about pirates have a narcotic reaction to bear in mind that one man's luminal is another man's (or woman's) swashbuckling romance. "Frenchman's Creek" brims over with flashing swordplay and gay smiles undefiled by bridgework. One advertisement describes it as a "daring story of reckless love," and that takes care of a further point I was slowly getting around to; i.e., that the cast is not strictly stag. Miss Joan Fontaine, playing an English lady of title with long blond hair, a husband, and two children, falls in love with a French buccaneer who works the Cornwall beat, picking up such Cornish gold, jewels, and shipping as may be lying around loose on the coastline. The screen writers take care to note that the ships were first stolen by Cornishmen from Frenchmen, which gives the larceny a manly and retributive flavor and presumably puts the gold and jewels in the class of compound interest. I think that Mr. Churchill, analyzing the activities of Miss Fontaine and no doubt conceding that her heart is within her own gift, disposable internationally, would draw the line at her assistance to the pirates, for whom she shills in more than one robbery and murder of her countrymen. Still, it all happened in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the statutes of limitation are with her. One effect of Miss Fontaine's vigorous associations is shown in the scene in which she liquidates the villain, her husband's lascivious friend, played by Basil Rathbone. No villain was ever killed deader by a wee slip of a noblewoman. She first slings a chair at his head, then stabs him in the back with a knife. When he persists, ill-advisedly, in crawling up a stairway after her, she drops a suit of armor on him. He lies still after that, all right, but it would take a thorough autopsy to determine which was the blow that got him.



FOR reasons that I'm bound to admit are obscure to me but most likely exist, Hollywood has seized this moment in the course of human events to base a musical show on the rise (though not the fall) of those stage revues of early prohibition times, "Greenwich Village Follies" and "Garrick Gaieties." The film is called "Greenwich Village." It abounds in bohemian types who would be run off the streets by the true, businesslike bohemian types of today and dispossessed firmly by the landlords of that neighborhood, who are even tougher, no kidding, than those elsewhere in town. Against a backdrop of what the scenarist hints is free love and free thinking, Don Ameche, William Bendix, and Carmen Miranda look pretty much as usual and love and think along orthodox musical-comedy lines. A newcomer, Vivian Blaine, billed as the Cherry Blonde, does most of the singing, in a pleasant voice. The backbone of the picture is the old popular song "Whispering." It is sung or played nearly continuously, sometimes in the guise of a concerto by Mr. Ameche, who is also on Hollywood record (in "Alexander's Ragtime Band") as the author of any number of songs by Irving Berlin. As soon as every artistic and scientific creation in the world's history has been clearly established as the work of either Mr. Ameche or Paul Muni, we can close the schools and give our kids a chance to catch up on their gin rummy.

LAUREL and Hardy, in "The Big Noise," explore the comic possibilities of tossing high explosives around and sleeping two to an upper berth and find that they are about the same as ever. . . . "Enemy of Women" is a weary, unconvincing account of the life of Dr. Goebbels. . . . "Storm over Lisbon" may appeal to lovers of espionage in Portuguese capitals. . . . And "Bride by Mistake," with Alan Marshall and Laraine Day, which has some mildly funny lines in it, is the one about the very rich girl who wants to be loved for herself, not her dough.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

> After she recovered her breath, a squad car summoned by Fnn took Mrs. Winch home. Which is a baseball term.
> —*Minneapolis Star-Journal.*

The game gets more complicated every year.

The heavenly chords of the Harp make music of celestial sweetness... as you'll know when listening with a Scott

If, as the poets say, the Harp is thrummed in Heaven, you will have a foretaste of angelic music when you listen with a Scott. For a Scott brings you the vibrant resonance of each plucked string in a *living* performance . . . as it brings you every voice in the orchestra.

The acclaim for the Scott has been widened by the thousands of sets at sea, bringing to our men on all the oceans newscasts and favorite programs, from halfway 'round the globe. To these men, one of the first peacetime dreams to be realized will be a Scott by their own fireside, to bring them "everything that's on the air."

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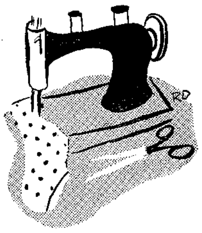
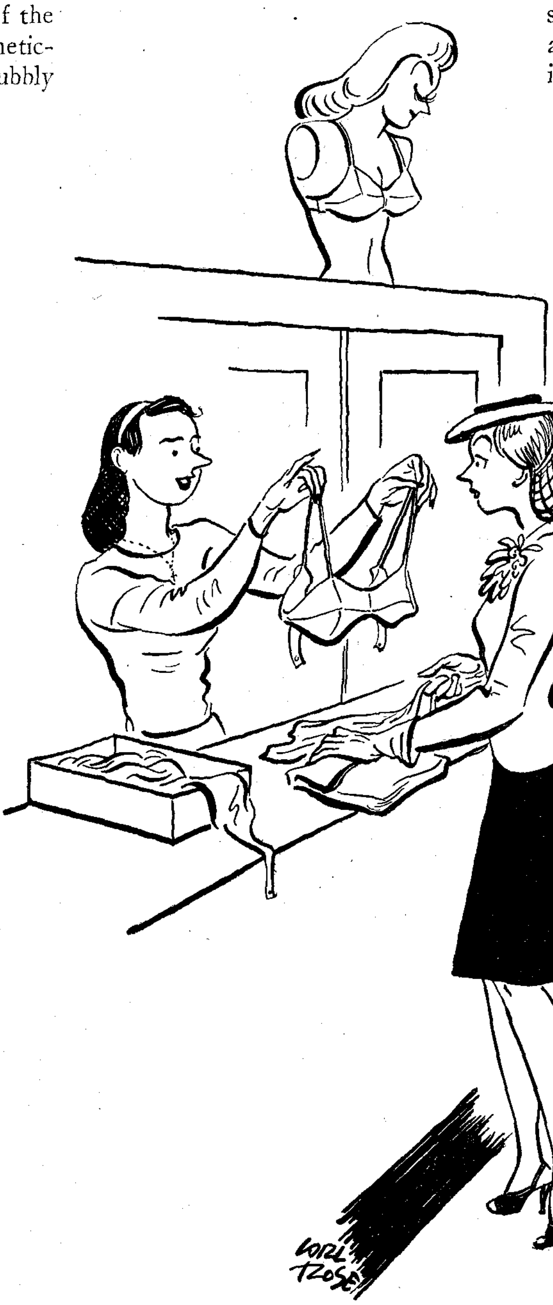
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



NOTHING, of course, even resembling yesteryear's fabulous fall collections, complete from casement cloth to *chinoiserie* panels, can be found today in the showroom of any of the decorating houses. Nevertheless, as you might imagine, the textile manufacturers are still in business, and some of their achievements with what they've had to work with are reasonably impressive. W. & J. Sloane's scouts apparently spent the summer fine-tooth-combing the market. To begin with, Sloane has upholstery and curtain cloth made of the same ingredients that make synthetic-rubber tires. It has a pebbled, nubbly weave (probably because the basic material is either pebbles or nubbles) and the feel and sheen of heavy silk; fifty inches wide, $4.95 a yard. It comes in colors and also in a rich, handsome off-white which, if the stuff is as grime-resistant as it looks, should be more practical in town than most whites and pale tints. Something which has the texture of grospoint (it's *called* Grospoint, too, to simplify matters) appears in such colors as a wonderful chartreuse and that rare, clear, brilliant green (bottle to Sloane, emerald to me) which is neither muted by gray tones nor muddied by too much yellow. To be used for upholstery and unlined draperies; $6.95 a yard. There are innumerable cottons which are strong and weighty enough for the same purposes or for slipcovers. My eye was caught by a spongy one with widely spaced chenille bands in self-color running crosswise ($6.75 a yard) and by some cotton damasks which truly look and feel like creditable substitutes for the woollen damasks they're supposed to replace until the war is over. Among lighter plain stuffs, Sloane's own favorite of the moment is a rayon called Multicord, about the weight and crispness of a heavy taffeta, with a firm, close-woven, fine-corded texture which should be just right for slipcovers and tailored spreads. This is on hand in colors—such as a deep, faded turquoise blue—that you'd scarcely expect in a fabric costing only $1.25 a yard. There are matelassés in quantity, starting at about $5, in puffy patterns with that quilted look which has put matelassé where it is today (i.e., right on top). In one, at $8.95, you can almost see the stitching.

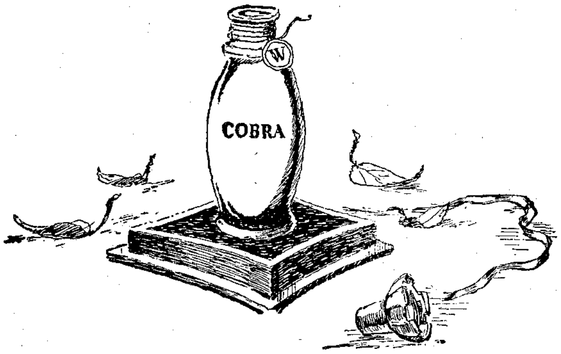
Sloane's patterned things run to florals, now more often printed on rough-textured cottons than on chintz and percale, and to stripes, both clustered and uniform. The stripes are in what is known as decorator colors—combinations of plum, chartreuse and Shocking pink, as well as of mauves and other shades which only a few years ago couldn't have been had except to order. If you're one of the legion of ladies who must have roses somewhere in a room, what you want here is a heavy, basket-weave white cotton, printed all over with roses as big as your head, in pink and red with realistic, ragged-edged green leaves; $5.75 a yard. If you insist on chintz, which is practically asking for the moon these days, you should try a small, select group of new American chintzes patterned in a stylized version of traditional florals, sketchier and more open in design. The tints are as clear as water colors and the effect is very fresh and airy. These stylized chintzes run from around $4.50 a yard up. I think they could be used in almost any kind of room in which flowered chintz is suitable. Sloane will quilt any of them for you, at an extra charge.



"They're Army rejects."

FINE traditional chintzes, for from $5.25 (for the narrow, twenty-five-inch width) to around $18 a yard, are still on hand at Rose Cumming, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd). The patterns in her superb collection run the gamut from the small, precise, and cottagey to the lush, spectacular, and even overwhelming. The one called Lilac, a favorite of many years, is all varicolored lilac bouquets and small sprays of dark-red roses splashed upon any of four background colors—mauve, pink, pale green, or cream. It's $8.50 a yard, thirty-one inches wide. Maypops, a floral chintz (the maypop was the state flower of Tennessee until, presumably, someone found out that its real name was passionflower) is in blues on magenta, greens on lavender, or very deep blues on wisteria; $10.50. Then there is a red chintz with enormous medallions of gold in a design taken from a Chinese tribute satin, at $8.50, and a lily-of-the-valley design of prim, life-size bouquets strung together on blue ribbons in a vertical-stripe effect against yellow, at $10.50. Canterbury Bell is a very lush business, with immense clusters of blue bellflowers covering almost all the background. Instead

. . . and the woman who wears COBRA stands out alone in all her beauty like some new divine instrument soloing to the gods.



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NAT BRANDWYNNE
and his Orchestra
featuring **LEW SHERWOOD**
and **ELAINE CASTLE**
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NICOLAI ALEXANDER
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BUFFET LUNCHEON (except Sunday)
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and his Orchestra for dancing (No Cover)
Selective Dinners and à la carte

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Don't discard it..!
Repairit
— when something treasured — breaks in two...we can fix it good as new!
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An Old World Spot off 5th Ave.
Cortile
37 West 43rd St.
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AIR-CONDITIONED **Luncheon from 50c**
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Buy and mail your **PARAMOUNT Christmas Cards EARLY**
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BE AN EARLY BIRD
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of being done on chintz, as it used to be, it is now printed on a white self-figured linen waistcoat cloth which is beautiful and should last several lifetimes; $17.95 a yard. Another linen, at $17.50, bears the rose-bouquet design to end all rose-bouquet designs—a staggering sixty-one-inch one, on a gray or natural ground. A single design, framed, makes a galvanizing wall decoration for a very big room. Miss Cumming has a good supply of the now rarer-than-emeralds imported curtain nets, too—the very fine Belgian sort in white, and coarser meshes in white, pink, blue, and peach, all seventy inches wide and $7.50 a yard. And she has bolts and bolts of decorating silks, pure silk satins in unbelievable colors—even slate gray—and changeable taffetas, so heavy and stiff that they literally stand alone. These start at $14.50 a yard.

THREE perfectly fine striped cottons have just been brought out by F. Schumacher, 60 West 40th Street. Like most jobbers and wholesalers, Schumacher now insists that you be accompanied by your decorator (if your guardian is a decorator on the side, he'll do), but the stuff is worth going to a little extra trouble to see. The fabric is a close-woven herringbone weave and the stripes, on a white ground, are Pencil (very narrow), in gray, yellow, blue, green, red, or rose; Hampton (one-inch), in red, green, blue, yellow, or rose; and Carnival (one-inch), in combinations of colors, such as red, blue, yellow, and turquoise. The price is around $1.65 a yard. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

To Hold Against Victory

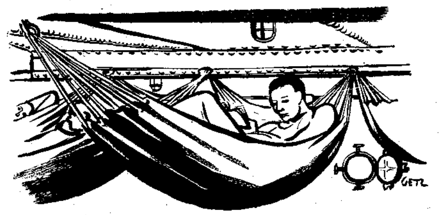
A LOT of people suddenly realized, after all the excitement over the liberation of Paris, that, carried away by the fervor of the moment, they had drunk up the bottle they had stored away to toast the day of final victory. The way things are going, it looks as if there will be a good many occasions for toasts before too long. People casting about for another bottle will find that there are hereabouts, even at this late date, more fine vintages than they think. The firm of M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), for example, had the good sense not to offer for immediate sale the collection of distinguished clarets and Burgundies it brought over from England at the beginning of the war but laid them down so that they could approach something like maturity. Several of these wines are just now coming into their own, and they are on sale at prices remarkably near what they were in prewar days.

For those who are interested in nothing less important than a great and solemn Burgundy, Lehmann has some 1934 Romanée-Conti. There is also La Tâche of '33 and '34; I have recently drunk enough of the '33 vintage to be able to recommend it as a beautiful and fragrant wine, though rather lighter than other Romanée-Conti vintages. The La Tâche '34, which has an even better reputation than the '33, comes in magnums as well as fifths. On the few occasions I have encountered a magnum of magnificent Burgundy, it has seemed overpoweringly impressive, but for a great occasion it should be just about right. Lehmann has also a Clos de Tart, '33, an excellent wine, and a Clos de la Roche, which I have never drunk but which, like the State of Massachusetts, needs no encomium from anybody.

Among the firm's fine vintages there is also a Richebourg, 1933, that is all you could expect of that distinguished Vosne-Romanée, and some of the same wine from *vieux cépages*—something you don't often get. These are only highlights of the Lehmann Burgundy collection; there are in addition a number of sound but not exalted wines of the Côte d'Or. As for clarets, Lehmann still has some 1928 Mouton Rothschild and a Château Latour of '34—not much, but enough to comfort a limited number of people.

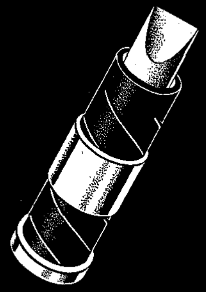
I have never understood why, in the hierarchy of the Côte d'Or, the wines of Santenay do not hold a more noble rank. "One of the lesser communes," which is the experts' classification, gives you no idea of how delightful the 1933 Santenay, shipped by Avery of Bristol and sold at Lehmann, can be. I don't remember what a comparable vintage of this wine brought before the war, but it could hardly have been much less than the $29.50 a case which Lehmann is asking for this lot.

My guess is that there are more excellent Bordeaux and Burgundies around than the merchants are willing to own up to. Most of the dealers who have a few cases of even moderately rare vin-



ANTOINE'S

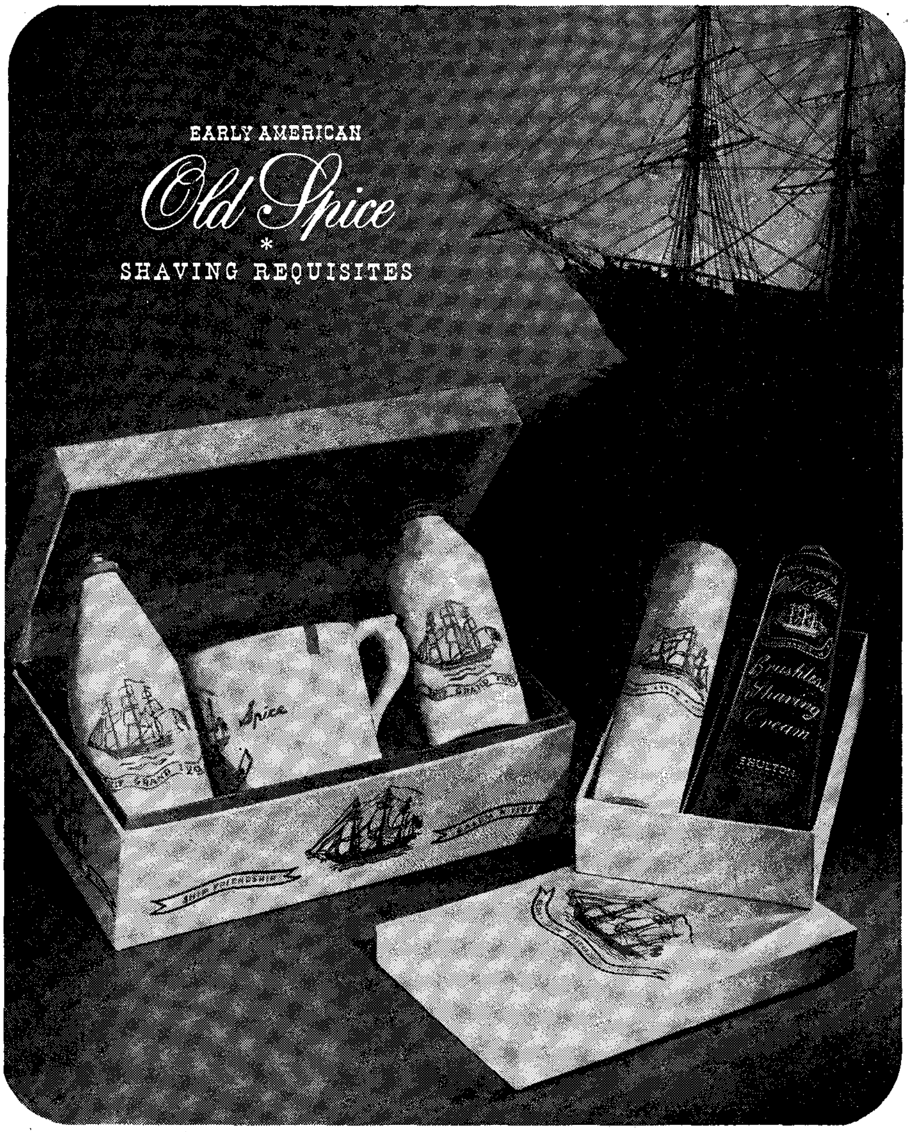
Pink Riot



. . . YOUR MAKE-UP LINK WITH THE NEW SOPHISTICATED COLORS. Glowing as a hothouse orchid! Antoine's newest creation, Pink Riot, makes the intense new purples and blue-reds easy to wear. Pink Riot gives your skin the pinkish lustre these brilliant colors demand. The pink-y Cake Foundation is non-drying. The Powder and Rouge are a translucent pink. The Eye Shadow is mysterious blue. The Lipstick an alluring flash of deep magenta. You'll wear Pink Riot with elegance and éclat.

663 Fifth Avenue, New York

They Click in All Climes



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Wherever Americans are stationed, Old Spice brings a bit of home. Typically American in scent, efficiency and packaging. In handsome gift chests and pottery containers, trading ship decorations. $1.00 to $5.00.† Each a Shulton Original.

COMPACT SET that travels light. Brushless Cream, paperboard tube of Talcum. $1.00.†
(*Proper weight for mailing overseas*)

SHAVING SOAP in pottery mug $1.00. After-Shaving Lotion $1.00,† Invisible Talcum 75¢.†
(*For Servicemen in this country*)

SHOP NOW for Overseas Christmas . . .
Mail to the armed forces before October 15, 1944.

†*Plus tax*

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tages are probably holding onto them for their favored customers. Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), on the contrary, belongs to the share-our-last-drop-with-our-friends school and will offer you a Romanée-Conti, 1934, and a Corton-Bressandes from the Vaulchier vineyards.

THERE will always be celebrants, I suppose, who insist that great occasions should be drunk to only in champagne. Naturally, there isn't enough champagne to go round any more. Lehmann is the only firm I have found willing to admit to any considerable stock, and its stock does not include many of the great years. The shop can, however, provide a Pommery and a Charles Heidsieck (both of '28), a '26 Perrier-Jouët, Mumm's Cordon Rouge of the same year, and a Lanson 1933. Sherry Wine & Spirits also has the Lanson, which has improved considerably in the past year.

Well, when the great day is actually here, I guess it won't matter much whether it's drunk to in Clos de Vougeot or dago red. —S. H.

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(SCENT OF MAGNOLIAS DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. McKellar. Again I quote from Mr. Perry: "And once more, for the sake of reportorial accuracy, may I caution against easy acceptance of the views of a few magnolia-scented Senators as the view of the South." I do not know who the "magnolia-scented" Senators are or what that means. I am sorry the Senator from Florida and the Senator from Alabama are not present because there are more magnolias along the coasts of their States than anywhere else. Perhaps the Senator from Louisiana can enlighten me.

Mr. Ellender. The magnolia grows profusely in Louisiana; it is our State flower.

Mr. McKellar. Is there anything dishonorable about magnolia perfume?

Mr. Ellender. I should say not. I do not know of any blossom that has a sweeter perfume.

Mr. McKellar. I continue to read from the same writer: "The South will be able to make known its view only when it shall have regained its voice at the polls." That means that whenever Mr. Perry can run for office in Tennessee and obtain it. I think it will be a long, long time before he reaches that goal. Mr. Perry speaks of southern Senators as "magnolia-scented." As the Senator from Louisiana says, magnolia blossoms are very sweetly scented. I do not know what Mr. Perry means by the expression. Of course, he means something bad, but he has not stated in saying that we are "magnolia-scented" Senators. Of course, it is a silly and ridiculous statement. I imagine it is in keeping with communism to use that kind of expression.

THE RACE TRACK

Futurity Tip

IF you think that this department is bubbling over with tips on 20-to-1 shots for the Futurity at Belmont this Saturday, you are wrong. I expect that Pavot is going to win the season's most important race for two-year-olds, and have no difficulty doing it. I saw him gallop the other morning, and can report that he didn't go too fast. So many Futurity favorites of other years burnt up the track in workouts and then had nothing left on the big afternoon. Besides, Woolf, who rides Pavot, says that his mount seems to enjoy running now that the weather has turned cooler. Pavot sulked in both the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Hopeful. I don't suppose that there will be a large field for the Futurity, or much excitement. It's too bad that Free for All, who won almost as many races and as much prize money in the Middle West as Pavot did in the East, won't start. He has developed some trifling ailment and will rest until next year. Esteem, over whom almost everybody got so excited after he finished second to Pavot in the Hopeful, has been reserved for the Champagne Stakes, at a mile, at Belmont a week from Saturday and won't be in the Futurity, either. Lots of people insist that had the distance of the Hopeful, which is the same as the Futurity, been longer, Esteem, not Pavot, would have won. I don't agree. I think that Pavot can beat Esteem at any distance.

I NEVER before saw good horses run—and the word "run" is used loosely—at as slow a pace as the one Alex Barth set for the first mile of the mile-and-a-half Manhattan Handicap at Belmont last weekend. It's possible that a false start, caused by the perverse antics of the stall gate, and the ensuing delay disconcerted several of the jockeys, all of whom had what are known as waiting orders, and that they really didn't know how slow they were going. In any case, Alex Barth, with Zufelt up (somebody beside me kept mumbling about the Zufelt Follies), stepped the first six furlongs in 1:22⅕, which would be sloppy time over the Great Barrington Fair Grounds track, and the mile in 1:48⅗, a figure which should go into the *American Racing Manual* if it ever gets around to listing the Slowest Races at One Mile. At this point, Arcaro, who was riding Devil Diver, realized what was happening, popped his mount to the front, and won easily. It was a neat bit of jockeyship. A peripatetic horseplayer I know suggested that the way the race was run was a sort of salute to the liberation of France. Long races over there are run exactly the same way; the horses go at practically a snail's pace until they reach the stretch and then sprint for home. Arcaro said, after the Manhattan, that Devil Diver ran only the last three furlongs at top speed. Jack Campbell, the official handicapper, couldn't decide whether to be pleased, because it was a good race to watch, or annoyed. "I've had plenty of handicaps for the older horses," he said, "but that's the first I ever had at half a mile. If I'd known Devil Diver, who's a great sprinter, was going to have things so easy, I'd have made him carry 140 instead of 125 pounds. That pace was so slow that he had enough left to run the last half in forty-eight seconds flat." Myself, I was delighted, for Devil Diver is a pet of mine. Bolingbroke, who finished third, deserves a word of sympathy. After all, he won the Manhattan three times in four years, and he was the favorite.

Other races at Belmont last week worth remembering were the Matron Stakes and the Jerome Handicap. Since it is the open season for picking the best two-year-old filly, I will say that my choice is Busher, who won the Matron. You'd be fussy indeed to ask for a better performance than hers in that race. Occupy, who hasn't lost a trick since he came East, took the Jerome neatly enough. However, I wouldn't back him in any race at more than a mile.

FOOTNOTE to a system for betting on jockeys: Atkinson, who rode five winners in a row one afternoon at Aqueduct, didn't ride one in the first six days at Belmont.—AUDAX MINOR

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Call-Bulletin*]

FORT MCPHERSON, GA. (AP)—Michele Pasquino, wounded Italian prisoner of war, with others, was viewing a movie at the post hospital. Suddenly Pasquino let out a yell.

There are enough men wearing Paris garters, suspenders and belts to elect the next president . . . easily!

Back Again!
ALL ELASTIC PARIS GARTERS
55c to $1
PARIS "FREE SWING" SUSPENDERS
From $1 to $3.50
PARIS BELTS
Most Styles $1 to $5

PARIS

GARTERS
No metal can touch you
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders
BELTS
Tops for your trousers

A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 22 (BY WIRELESS)

PARIS has been liberated for only four weeks, but an American arriving now would find it hard to believe that the Germans had been here for any considerable time. The Germans build nothing. In Paris, because of the fortunes of war, they were also prevented from destroying anything. Culturally sterile, they have left no imprint on thought or on manners here, except that people still laugh when they recall how the Germans used to shout at each other in cafés and how the privates would twist themselves into knots and quiver in ecstatic terror at the approach of a corporal. They have left one other reminder—the memory of the hundred and twenty thousand Parisians they tortured and killed. But other Parisians will be born to replace the mutilated dead and the horror will be forgotten. The Beauty, in Ludwig Bemelmans' last book, said, "I will tell you how I feel about Germans. In time of war I detest them. In time of peace they don't exist for me." It is perhaps the most dangerous quality of Germans: they are so easy to forget and, after a few years, so hard to believe in. Perhaps the French government should preserve the torture chambers of the Gestapo as national museums; for example, that shooting gallery in Issy-les-Moulineaux, where prisoners were placed barefoot on metal plates, which were then charged with electricity. Each time a charge was shot into the plates, the victims leaped high into the air, galvanized into human bounce balls. They dug their fingernails into the walls at heights never achieved even by Olympic jumpers. The marks are still there. But if the government preserved this establishment, twenty years from now the intellectuals would be saying that the museum was a chauvinist fake.

THE physical conditions of life in the city are slowly approaching normal. The subway is running about half its normal service, electric light has been restored for a few hours each evening, and the food supply has definitely improved, though belts are still fairly tight. The fighting front is now as far from the city as it was in May, 1940, but whereas the front was then moving toward Paris, it is now moving toward Berlin, which makes the war seem remote. As the war recedes, people think and talk more about the future of France. Many of them feel that General de Gaulle has an opportunity, never offered to any other man, to make sure that this future will be a bright one. France, these people say, has oscillated between revolution and excessive legalism for the past five hundred years. Written law is a fetish in France; the French worship it. It defines the political rights of the individual and the privileges of property, and most Frenchmen think of themselves as small property owners, or at least as potential ones. This passion for law alternates with a passion for social justice, and the two are sometimes in conflict. The revolutionary terror of the First Republic was a triumph of justice over law, and the suppression of the Commune in 1871 was a triumph of concrete code over abstract justice. Many resistance leaders feel that de Gaulle's opportunity is unique because he can, if he wishes, reconcile these two tendencies and seal the rift in the national psyche. They say that he could proclaim what they call an "economic revolution by due process of law."

The broad political problem is closely linked with the more specific problem of punishment for collaborators, a subject that obsesses the public. De Gaulle's popularity is possibly unequalled in French history, and therefore what many people call his slowness in approaching these problems is being blamed on everybody but himself. Editorial writers have been criticizing his ministers and suspect that there has been foreign interference in France's internal affairs, but none of them has yet presumed to attack the General himself. One popular theory is that he wants to get full recognition of the Gouvernement Provisoire and a good seat at the peace table before he sets up an internal program that will very probably antagonize certain British and American elements. The orthodox government line (in politics, orthodoxy is a quick-growing weed), as expressed in the newspaper *France Libre*, is that external affairs must take precedence over everything else at this stage and that internal disputes must be deferred until after the return of the prisoners of war, the general elections (which are not to be held until these men are home again), and the signing of the peace treaty. The detractors of this line say that by that time the traitors—those among the industrialists and bankers, at least—will again be protected, physically and financially, by phalanxes of lawyers and a labyrinth of interlocking directorates and Swiss holding companies, and that the inevitable whitewashing of these collaborators will be followed by an equally inevitable revolution. It is true that General de Gaulle, as a professional soldier, took no part in internal politics before 1940 and that in his incarnation as statesman, which began so dramatically on the twenty-third of June that year, he at first confined himself to foreign and colonial affairs because his government had no control over France itself, but only a year later he was saying that "bold

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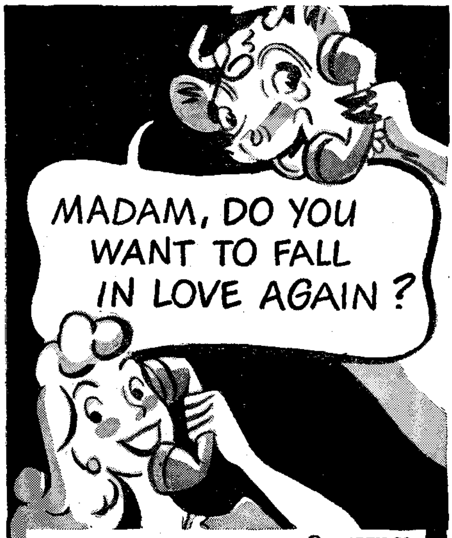
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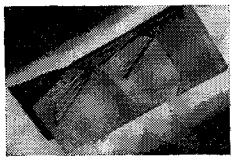

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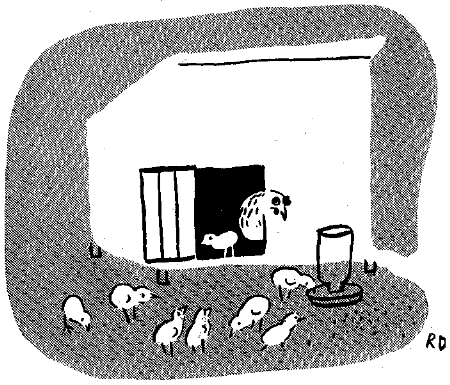
ideas" were needed in shaping the social and economic structure of the France of the future. He spoke of his debt to the working people, who were at that time the chief support of the Free French cause in France. There is little reason to think that his fundamental conceptions have changed or that he has forgiven the men of Vichy; he seldom forgives anybody. In any case, instead of the blood bath confidently predicted by certain people in Washington and London "if that man de Gaulle gets control in France," Paris is now witnessing merely the desultory interrogation of a few hundred putative collaborators picked up here and there and the incarceration of some of them to await trial in calmer times.

THE *roman feuilleton*, or continued novel, was always an important feature of the French press, and Parisian newspapers are fortunate now, when space is so limited that few of them can print a real *feuilleton*, in having the daily running story of the investigation of the Lafont and Bony gang. Lafont and Bony, former inspectors of the French Sûreté Générale, opposite number of the F.B.I., were broken before the war because their corruption exceeded anything ever known even in the Sûreté, the organization which blandly protected Stavisky while the Paris police were looking for him. This denoted a remarkably high level of dishonesty. When the Germans came in, this precious pair of cops were highly recommended to Laval's partner-conquerors. Both acquired German citizenship and received commissions in the Gestapo, and then, gathering a nucleus of administrators and stool pigeons, they organized the French section of the Gestapo. Their milieu, as reconstructed during the investigation, is reminiscent of both Chicago gangland and the milieu in which the Lonergan affair had its being. They had magnificent houses in the Etoile-Elysée district and mistresses who included a White Russian princess, a night-club marquise, and a German film star. There were fake Baltic barons, pastiche French vicomtes, and in general a café-society hoopla. In addition, on the fringe, there were characters like the little man who picked people's eyes out with a fork and another who specialized in cutting off noses and fingers, and the German art expert and fence known as Manuel Flatfoot.

The police who are conducting the investigation have the true *feuilleton* manner of developing a story; every day they introduce one or two new characters who make good reading. Yesterday it was a man called Jo La Terreur, whose relevancy seems to depend entirely on his being a friend of Violette Morris. Violette was an English-born auto racer who was supposed to have killed men for calling her a woman and who had a surgeon remove her breasts so that she would look mannish. Violette, being a sadist, was quite at home with the Gestapo. Three months ago, while she was stalking a man in the Maquis who was to be arrested and tortured, some Patriots shot her to death. The police freed Jo La Terreur, but not until his name had made a fine headline and the details of Violette's personality had given the newspapers a walloping good *Daily News* story. The Lafont and Bony gang specialized in fake raids and arrests. They would rob the apartments they raided and kidnap the occupants, and then torture the "arrested" people until a ransom was paid. Since the gangsters held cards in the Gestapo, they could not be prosecuted. Naturally, the victims of their raids were always carefully selected—a corps of finger men did this work—and the hauls were magnificent. They had to split the take with the German Gestapo men to hold their franchise, and Manuel Flatfoot saw to it that they didn't hold out the good items and pass along the shoddy ones. The French and German Gestapos maintained a joint marketing organization to dispose of the varied loot: securities, specie, jewelry, paintings, antiques, and vast quantities of more commonplace but valuable objects like felt hats and groceries. They were businesslike. To keep in good with the more earnest elements in the German parent organization, Lafont and Bony sometimes had to forego big profits and arrest or liquidate real Patriots. For instance, Lafont kidnapped the head of the Belgian Intelligence in France and delivered him to the Germans, who tortured him to death. On another occasion, Bony pretended he was an R.A.F.



pilot who had bailed out of a plane, and, when some Patriots took him in, informed on them to the German Gestapo. The gang also recruited North African thugs to fight against the Maquis. These chores they performed to prove their good faith. They didn't relish them, for there was little money in them.

The trouble with a story so full of horror and cynicism is that after a while the reader begins to follow it as if it were actually only a *roman feuilleton.* Lafont and Bony are becoming, in a perverse way, public heroes, like Landru—the Bluebeard of 1919—and Doctor Petiot, who, during the German occupation, killed and dissected a hundred and sixty people. Like Lafont and Bony, Petiot was welcomed to the bosom of the Gestapo. He is now somewhere in Germany. His game worked this way: he promised to get people out of France and into America. Naturally, a great many of them were de Gaullists and Jews. Petiot would impress them with the necessity of secrecy; they must tell nobody they were leaving or where they were going—just take all their money and come to his cottage in a suburb of Paris, where he would start them on the underground railway. When they arrived at the cottage, he would tell them that the American authorities insisted on inoculations and that, luckily, since he was a doctor, he could give them. Then he would shoot them full of morphine and start to dissect them before they came to. He kept their money and turned over their papers to the Gestapo, which was grateful for his aid in protecting Europe against the "Bolshevist peril." Men such as Lafont and Bony and Petiot are dangerous in the same way the Germans are—because nobody really believes in them. People read about them as they read about the Lublin massacres and say they're too bad to be true.

THE exuberance of the first week of liberation has died down. The children in the little park under my window who sang the "Marseillaise" all day every day that week and walked about waving tiny flags are now playing the French equivalent of hopscotch, as they used to in 1940, when I lived in the same room I live in now, overlooking the same park. The small *gardien* in the green uniform who stood by the fountain in the park on the day I went away is there again, his hands locked behind his back. The fountain, with its four allegorical female figures (the rivers of France), plays on and I am once again tempted to throw

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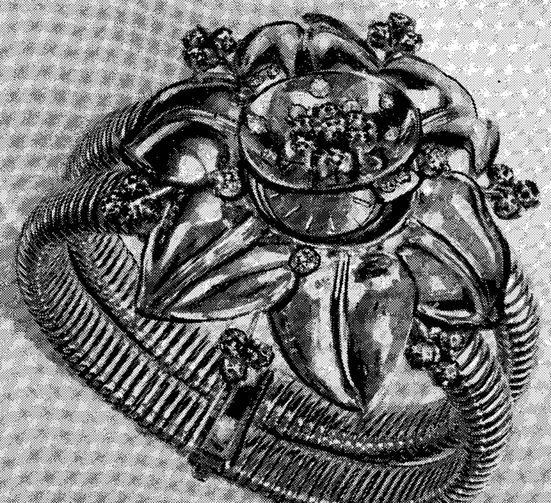

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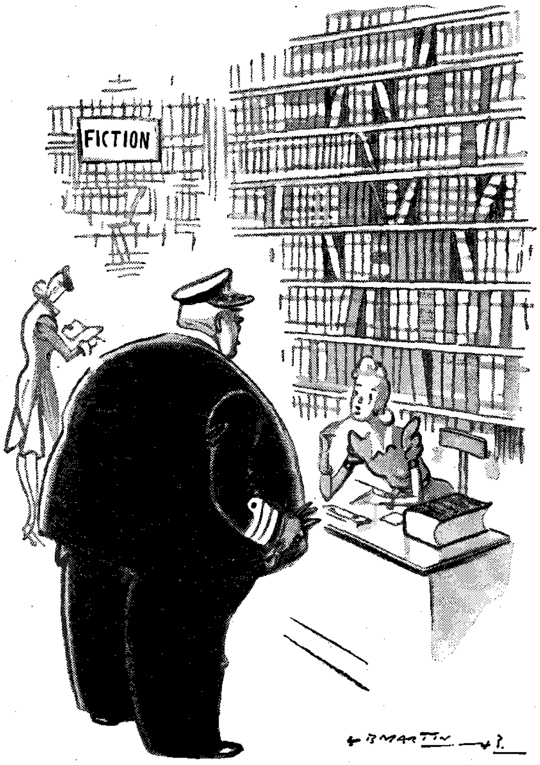

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peachstones into the navel of the fat stone woman who represents the Loire. A fat flesh-and-blood woman in a flowered wrapper comes out on a sixth-story balcony of a house fronting on the park and waters some geraniums. I recognize her; she is the woman who came out on the same balcony early in the morning of May 10, 1940, when German planes first appeared over Paris, and waved at some frightened pigeons and cried, "Confidence!" And I remember how people at other windows on the square laughed and waved, too. She was wearing a flannel nightgown then. The children have forgotten the Germans already, I am sure. The rest of us will forget too soon.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

REMARKABLE REMARKS

[*Dorothy Dix in the New Orleans Times-Picayune*]

DEAR MISS DIX—My son is in the army overseas. He is desperately in love with his wife, but in his absence she is running around with other men, both soldiers and civilians, from whom she accepts presents and money. She has told me that she is going to separate from my son as he did not come up to her expectations. What should I do about the matter? I don't want to cause trouble between my son and his wife, yet I feel that he should know of her conduct. WORRIED MOTHER.

Women Want Their Fling

ANSWER—This problem of the philandering wife is one that is brought to my attention every day, for it seems that there are many women who are taking advantage of their husbands' absence to have a fling. Some of these women are rakes by nature and doubtless always had their extra marital affairs.

But many others of them are not deliberately immoral. They are just poor, weak, pleasure-loving women who have not the strength to resist temptation, and when the chance came to have some fun, to have men make love to them and give them presents, they shut their eyes to the consequences and started down the primrose path.

Of course, the natural response of a man's family and friends is to tell him of his wife's conduct. It burns them up to see her double-crossing him, befooling him, making him the subject of pity for those who love him and a jest for the ribald-minded, and they feel that they should warn him of how he is being mistreated.

But inasmuch as he is helpless to correct the situation, why add to his miseries by telling him that which is bitterer than death to him? Why not let him live as long as he can in his faith in his wife? Surely a man who is enduring all the hardships of war and who is facing death and danger needs to have nothing else added to his troubles.

And perhaps some bullet will make it so that he will go to the end, happy in his trust in the wife he loves and never knowing that she has betrayed him.

THE NIGHT WE HAD THE HURRICANE

MY friend Bill Walters is an honest, intelligent man who works hard and is devoted to his wife. On the evening of September 14th, when everybody had been warned to get home early because of the approaching hurricane, he called me on the telephone and asked me to do him a favor. Would I go out with him for the evening, to help his pal Stevie? He said it was difficult to explain over the phone, but his pal Stevie had promised to dine with a girl he was afraid of and needed Bill's protection. But to make the thing look pleasant there must be another woman in the party, and would I oblige? I asked Bill why he couldn't take his own wife and he said she was visiting her mother. I mentioned the present rain and the oncoming hurricane, but Bill said we could disregard both, as he had a car, and he'd be round right away. He added that he had picked on me rather than on any of his other female friends because he knew that an Englishwoman could never be scared by weather.

Half an hour later I leaped across a river that was by then flowing in front of my apartment house and landed in Bill's car. He assured me that I would be all right, because this hurricane was a poor affair compared to the one in 1938. The only thing that worried him, he said, was that his brother was an apple grower and the crop wasn't in. He went on to say that Stevie was a wonderful guy who had been with him at Yale and had stayed with him, figuratively speaking, ever since. The only difference between them was that Stevie was backing Dewey and Bill was voting for Roosevelt.

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Presently the car stopped and Bill told me to jump across the sidewalk into Number 43, the brownstone in which Stevie had a flat. I was wearing a raincoat, so only my feet and hair got wet.

Stevie was delighted to see us. He thanked me warmly for coming and said he was in a spot. This girl had been chasing him for several weeks, calling him up twice a day from Brooklyn, and he was afraid she meant to marry him. He had been married once, for two years, and it hadn't worked out, and he naturally wanted to take every precaution against repeating the error. He was in real danger, he said, because the girl was attractive, and if she had been difficult to get, he would have been wild about her.

I thought we had better change the subject. It seemed to me a little indelicate to be talking about your intimate affairs to a stranger, so I asked Stevie what he thought about Mr. Roosevelt. I did not ask maliciously, but simply because Mr. Roosevelt was the first subject that occurred to me. It is a question I shall never ask any American again, not even to take his mind off his troubles. The windows were rattling and rain was blowing like gunshot against the glass, but everything both men said was quite audible, and I was just getting an insight into American politics, which is rather different from ours, when the telephone bell rang.

"Hullo, honey," Stevie said, in a new, gentle voice. "We're waiting for you. Say, do you know it's nine o'clock already and you said you'd be here at seven? . . . The subway's flooded? . . . Oh, you only think it's flooded. . . . Yes, I see. You're waiting for a taxi. . . . You'll try again? That's a girl! Goodbye."

"Look at that," he said. "She won't walk four blocks to the subway. She has to wait for a taxi. And I thought she loved me."

"But maybe it's particularly bad in Brooklyn," Bill said. "If she walked four blocks, she might get drowned. We've got to be patient."

"Well," Stevie said, "I guess we'd better eat a snack. I've got some cooked ham and I'll make toast. Say, do you think this is all a plant? I mean, has she been calling me up to get me in a state and is she staying home just for spite? I wouldn't put it past her." He paced the room for three minutes and then stopped. "I've got it! How much gas have you, Bill?"

"If I start driving around Brooklyn, I'll have to go to work in a bus for the next couple of weeks," Bill said. "So put that idea right out of your head."

We ate ham and toast and turned on the radio to hear the weather report. Standing beside the window and looking out at the writhing clouds of rain, we listened to a scientific voice that

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made the hurricane sound like a gentle spring zephyr.

"For God's sake, turn him off!" Stevie said. "I could talk better than that about this hurricane if I were blind and deaf." He paced the room again, eating toast and ham. Suddenly he said, "I've got to call up that girl again," and went to the telephone. This conversation seemed to be almost identical with the first one, but suddenly it changed. "We're coming right over," Stevie said. "Give us directions. . . . Yes, I'm listening—Flatbush Avenue. Go on. . . . Yes, I have your address."

When he put down the receiver, he looked grimly at Bill and me. "That girl has eaten dinner," he said. "While we were sitting here starving, she was eating a dinner. Didn't I say she was going to stand me up for spite? Come on."

The windshield wipers were working well on Bill's car, so we found Brooklyn Bridge and got across it. When we had driven along Flatbush Avenue for a while, Stevie put his head out of the window and asked a soaked native where Surrey Place was. He got a polite and detailed answer, though it was raining hard and the wind was terrible. Pretty soon we turned into a side street, then went on for another ten minutes before we were stopped by a tree that was lying across the street. It was the biggest tree I ever saw, with the exception of the California redwoods. We'd have struck it if there hadn't been a car in front of us that had already hit it. The rain was abating, so we got out to investigate and found a drinking party taking place on the sidewalk. Six people were sitting on small, stiff chairs and sipping what seemed to be Scotch-and-soda. Bill asked politely if there had been an accident, and six faces, lit by the light from unshaded windows, sullenly stared at us. Quite clearly nobody was hurt, but nobody was communicative, either. At last a woman spoke. "Why don't you go home?" she asked bitterly.

It was a peculiar atmosphere. We turned back along the street, since we couldn't drive over the tree, and went on looking for Surrey Place.

"I'm going to find that girl if it takes me all night," Stevie said. Suddenly he shouted, "There it is! I saw it! Surrey Street!"

Bill protested that he had said Surrey Place, but Stevie said it must have been a mistake, so we drove up to Number 22.

"It looks like a slum," Bill said. "You sure meet some interesting girls."

It certainly seemed a seedy neighborhood. However, we all got out and went up to the door.

"You know," Bill said, "I'm getting sort of eager."

Stevie was striking matches and looking at the nameplates. The tiny cards were handwritten and six of them were illegible.

"Just ring anybody's bell and ask about her," Bill said. "They'll tell us which apartment is hers."

Stevie rang a bell. The buzzer hummed and we went into a small, dingy hall. A door on the right opened and a huge man, naked to the waist, as magnificent as a lion tamer, regarded us. "I'll talk to you when I've got my shirt on," he said, and retired.

When he came back, his superb flesh was covered by a shabby blue shirt. He told us that our girl didn't live there and that there was a Surrey Place about two miles off. He gave us directions and we humbly thanked him.

We drove on for a while, but we couldn't find Surrey Place. Once somebody yelled to us to look out, and it appeared that the hurricane had blown a plate-glass window into the street. We managed to avoid the broken glass.

"Do you still want to find her, Stevie?" Bill asked.

"Yes," Stevie said, and his mouth tightened. I thought how true it was that passion could not exist without frustration.

IT was when we were bumping over a fallen branch that Stevie remembered his friend the cop, who lived on Flatbush Avenue. He told us the cop was a wonderful guy and knew Brooklyn like the back of his hand. Bill suggested calling up the girl again for further and more detailed directions, but Stevie said she had told us the way in the first place and where were we? So we went back to Flatbush Avenue and drove to the cop's apartment house. I said I would remain in the car while they went in for the cop, but Bill said I must go with them, because I couldn't be left alone on Flatbush Avenue at night.

We were admitted to a one-room apartment, and there was not one cop in it but three. Bill's friend was dressed, though not in uniform, and he received us with dignity and politeness. The other two cops were asleep in their cots. While Bill was explaining about this girl and Surrey Place, they woke and sat upright on their cots. They wore plain, tasteful pajamas, and nodded sleepily when we were introduced. I felt slightly embarrassed, since my English training in manners did not cover such situations, but I tried to be cheerful.

Our cop told us he would take us to Surrey Place and then he must go right back to his apartment; he needed sleep. So the four of us went down and got into the car. We were in Surrey Place in about five minutes, having been diverted only twice by fallen trees. Number 22 was a fine apartment building, but the hurricane had torn down the awning. We went into the hall and waited while Stevie called the girl's apartment on the house phone. His eyes were shining.

"It's all right," he said. "She's coming down. The elevator isn't working, so she's coming down the stairs."

We stood waiting with our eyes fixed on the stairs. Bill had let his mouth fall open, the cop was standing at attention, and Stevie had almost stopped breathing. She came around the turn of the stairs, slim and blond and graceful. She lifted one white arm and we all gave a deep sigh.

"Stevie!" she screamed, and hurtled down six steps into his arms.

IT was the embrace that did it. If she had remained cool, aloof, and tantalizing, the spell might have lasted and she might have hooked Stevie forever, or for a couple of years. But that indecorous, unrestrained attack finished us all. I looked at Stevie's face and saw that he didn't need protecting any longer. —WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

"In England," writes Mrs. A., "we consider 'My dear . . .' less formal salutation. We write "My am told here in the United States it is turned around. When I recently wrote 'My dear Mary' to a friend she said that it was stiff."

In answer to this it is true that to us Americans "My dear" is the formal salutation. We write "My dear Mrs. Stranger" in contrast to "Dear Sally" to a friend! In fact I wonder if you too, should you be vexed, do not say "My dear Jane, I expressly asked you not to do that!" in contrast to "Dear Mary" how thoughtful you always are! Also I know many of you who say "My dear! have you heard the news?" to any one who happens to be present. But "Dear" only when endearment is meant."

This is a roundabout way of saying "My dear" is colder than dear —but "my darling!" is dearer with them without the "my."

The bald eagle is not really bald.
—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Thank God for that, darling!

Distinguished entertaining calls for this Distinguished Liqueur

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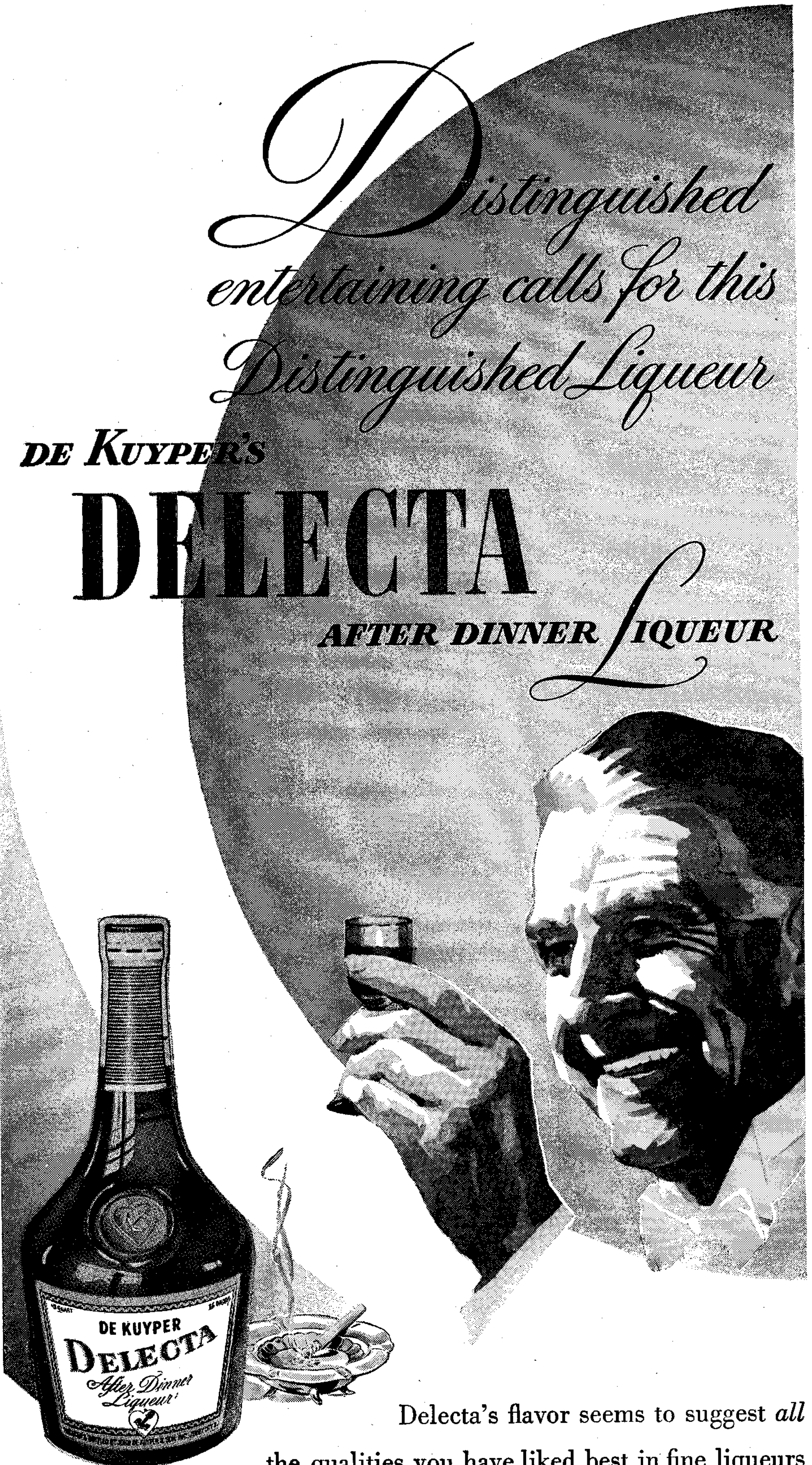

Delecta's flavor seems to suggest *all* the qualities you have liked best in fine liqueurs —tang, delicacy of bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. And since it bears the 249-year-old de Kuyper name, you may be sure this is a liqueur you can serve confidently to your most discerning guests. Try it straight, or half-and-half with brandy. Made in America— but with an old-world "touch" easily recognized. » » »

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BOOKS

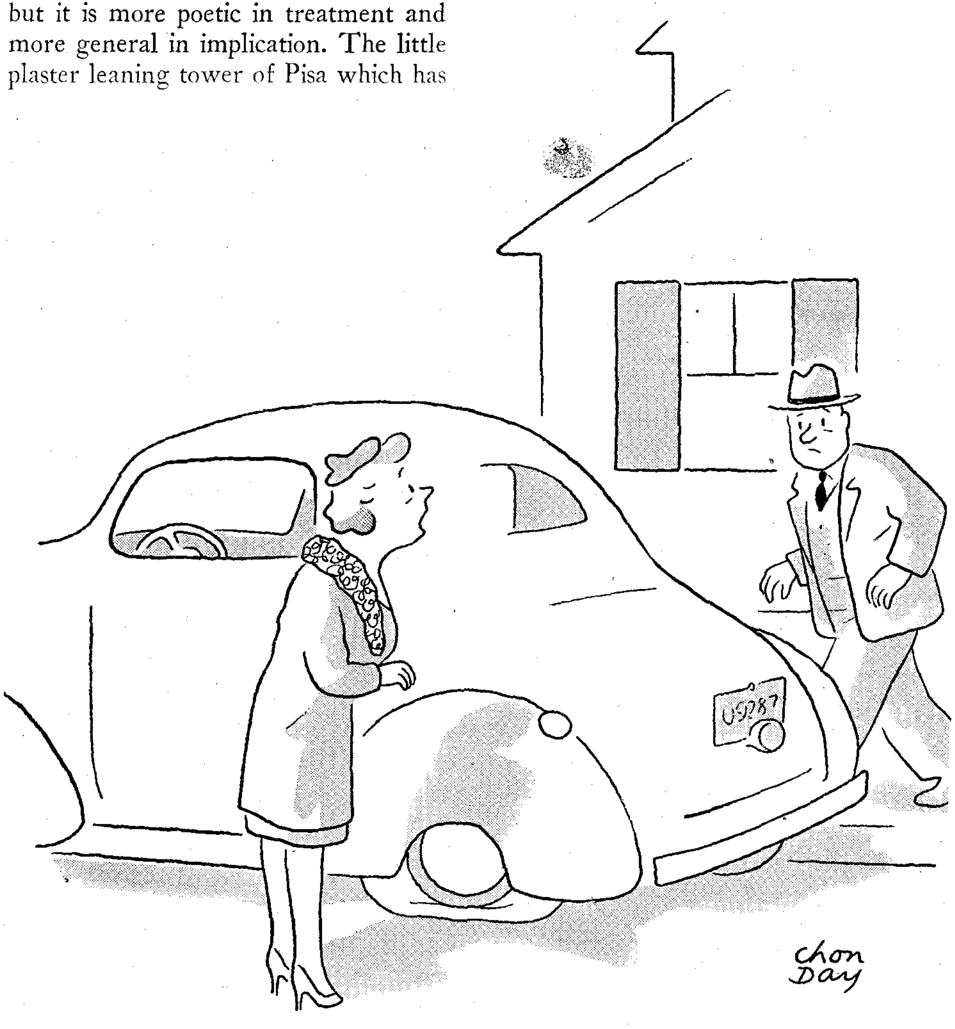
Katherine Anne Porter

Miss Katherine Anne Porter has published a new book of stories, her third: "The Leaning Tower and Other Stories" (Harcourt, Brace). To the reviewer, Miss Porter is baffling because one cannot take hold of her work in any of the obvious ways. She makes none of the melodramatic or ironic points that are the stock in trade of ordinary short stories; she falls into none of the usual patterns and she does not show anyone's influence. She does not exploit her personality either inside or outside her work, and her writing itself makes a surface so smooth that the critic has little opportunity to point out peculiarities of color or weave. If he is tempted to say that the effect is pale, he is prevented by the realization that Miss Porter writes English of a purity and precision almost unique in contemporary American fiction. If he tries to demur that some given piece fails to mount with the accelerating pace or arrive at the final intensity that he is in the habit of expecting in short stories, he is deterred by a nibbling suspicion that he may not have grasped its meaning and have it hit him with a sudden impact some moments after he has finished reading.

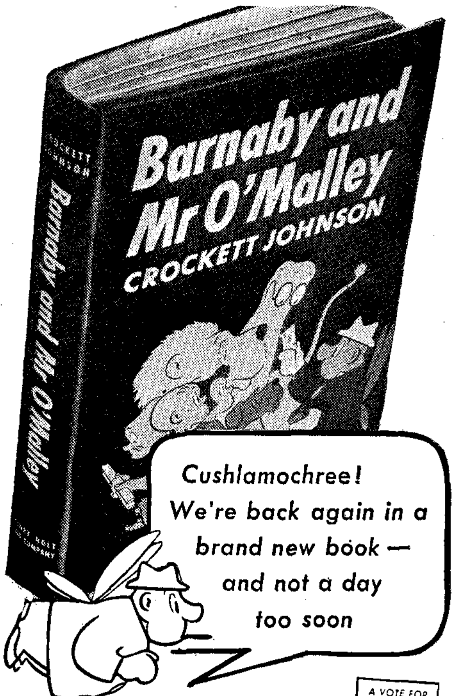
Not that this meaning is simple to formulate even after one has felt its emotional force. The limpidity of the sentence, the exactitude of the phrase, are deceptive in that the thing they convey continues to seem elusive even after it has been communicated. These stories are not illustrations of anything that is reducible to a moral law, or a political or social analysis, or even a principle of human behavior. What they show us are human relations in their constantly shifting phases and in the moments of which their existence is made. There is no place for general reflections; you are to live through the experience as the characters do. And yet the writer has managed to say something about the values involved in the experience. But what is it? I shall try to suggest, though I am afraid I shall land in ineptitude.

Miss Porter's short stories lend themselves to being sorted into three fairly distinct groups. There are the stories of family life in working-class or middle-class households (there are two of these in "The Leaning Tower"), which, in spite of the fact that the author is technically sympathetic with her people, tend to be bitter and bleak, and, remarkable though they are, seem to me less satisfactory than the best of her other stories. The impression we get from these pieces is that the qualities that are most amiable in human life are being gradually done to death in the milieux she is presenting, but Miss Porter does not really much like these people or feel comfortable in their dismal homes, and so we, in turn, don't really much care. Another section of her work, however, contains what may be called pictures of foreign parts, and here Miss Porter is much more successful. The story which gives its name to her new collection and which takes up two-fifths of the volume belongs to this category. It is a study of Germany between the two wars in terms of a travelling American and his landlady and fellow-lodgers in a Berlin rooming house. By its material and its point of view, it rather recalls Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin," but it is more poetic in treatment and more general in implication. The little plaster leaning tower of Pisa which has been cherished by the Viennese landlady but gets broken by her American tenant stands for something in the destruction of which not merely the Germans but also the Americans have somehow taken a criminal part (though the American is himself an artist, he finds that he can mean nothing to the Germans but the power of American money). So, in a fine earlier story, "Hacienda," a Mexican peon is somehow destroyed—with no direct responsibility on the part of any of the elements concerned—by a combination of Soviet Russians intent on making a Communist movie, their American business manager, and a family of Mexican landowners.

In both cases, we are left with the feeling that, caught in the meshes of a tangle of forces, some important human value has been crushed. These stories especially, one gathers, are examples of what Miss Porter means when she says, in her foreword to "Flowering Judas" in the Modern Library edition, that most of her "energies of mind and spirit have been spent in the effort to grasp the



"Pardon me, do you happen to know anything about flat tires?"



A VOTE FOR O'MALLEY IS A VOTE FOR O'MALLEY

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Since the wanderings of Barnaby and O'Malley were first trapped into book form we mortals have pursued them vainly, calling names like fantasy, satire, whimsy (perish the thought), hoping to arrest them in an attitude to which we can pay suitable tribute. We might just as well try to fasten the Nobel Prize on a rainbow." $2

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"Mr. Ettlinger learned to love the Paris of beauty and charm, of good food and copious drinks, of eccentric individualism and of magnificent loquacity, of art and letters, of impudent ribaldry and enthusiastic delight in the sins of the flesh . . . funny and charming
—Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times.*

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meaning" of the threats of world catastrophe in her time, "to trace them to their sources and to understand the logic of this majestic and terrible failure of the life of man in the Western world."

But perhaps the most interesting section of Katherine Anne Porter's work is composed of her stories about women —particularly her heroine Miranda, who figures in two of the three novelettes that make up her previous volume, "Pale Horse, Pale Rider." The first six stories of "The Leaning Tower" deal with Miranda's childhood and her family background of Louisianians living in southern Texas. This is the setting in which Miss Porter is most at home, and one finds in it the origins of that spirit of which the starvation and violation elsewhere make the subjects of her other stories. One recognizes it in the firm little sketches that show the relations between Miranda's grandmother and her lifelong colored companion, the relations between the members of the family, and the relations between the family and the Negro servants in general. Somewhere behind Miss Porter's stories there is a conception of a natural human spirit in terms of their bearing on which all the other forces of society are appraised. This spirit is never really idealized, it is not even sentimentalized; it can be generous and loving and charming, but it can also be indifferent and careless, inconsequent, irresponsible, and silly. If the meaning of these stories is elusive, it is because this essential spirit is so hard to isolate or pin down. It is peculiar to Louisianians in Texas, yet one misses it in a boarding house in Berlin. It is the special personality of a woman, yet it is involved with international issues. It evades all the most admirable moralities, it escapes through the social meshes, and it resists the tremendous oppressions of national bankruptcies and national wars. It is outlawed, driven underground, exiled; it becomes rather unsure of itself and may be able, as in "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," to assert itself only in the delirium that lights up at the edge of death to save Miranda from extinction by war flu. It suffers often from a guilty conscience, knowing too well its moral weakness; but it can also rally bravely if vaguely in vindication of some instinct of its being which seems to point toward justice and truth.

But I told you this review would be clumsy. I am spoiling Miss Porter's stories by attempting to find a formula for them when I ought simply to be telling you to read them (and not merely

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—*Chicago News*

Time MUST HAVE A Stop

"A terseness of writing and an accent of moral sincerity."
—*The New Yorker*

"Aldous Huxley brings to his books a devastating character insight and an impeccable style. He brings also wit, scenes that are excruciatingly funny, a good tale for the tale's own sake . . . the rich produce of a mind concerned with many phases of life's scenes."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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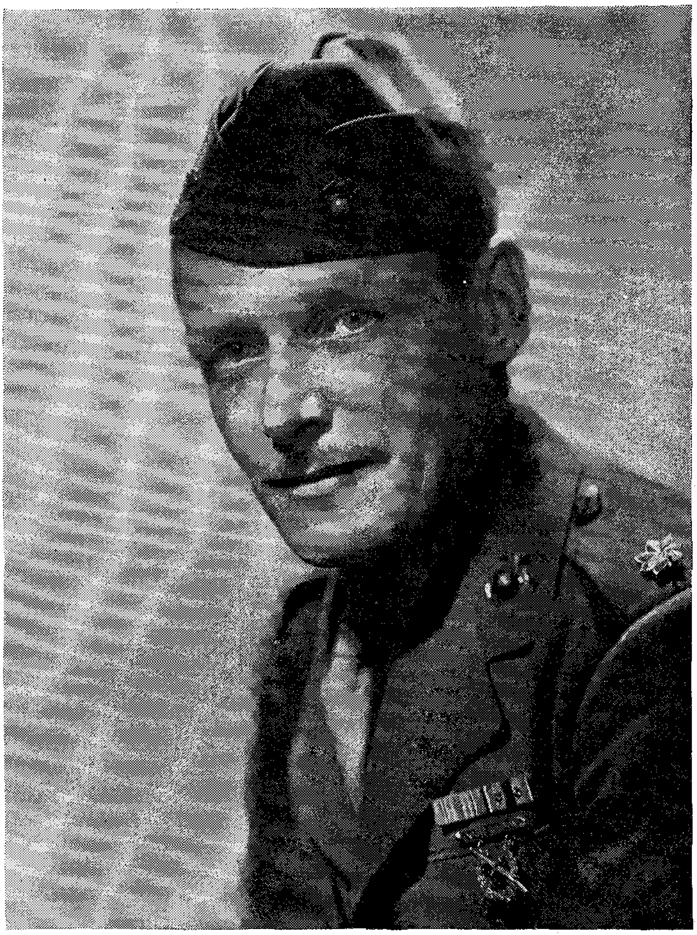
OF
A MAN

....*by a*
Photographer
of Men



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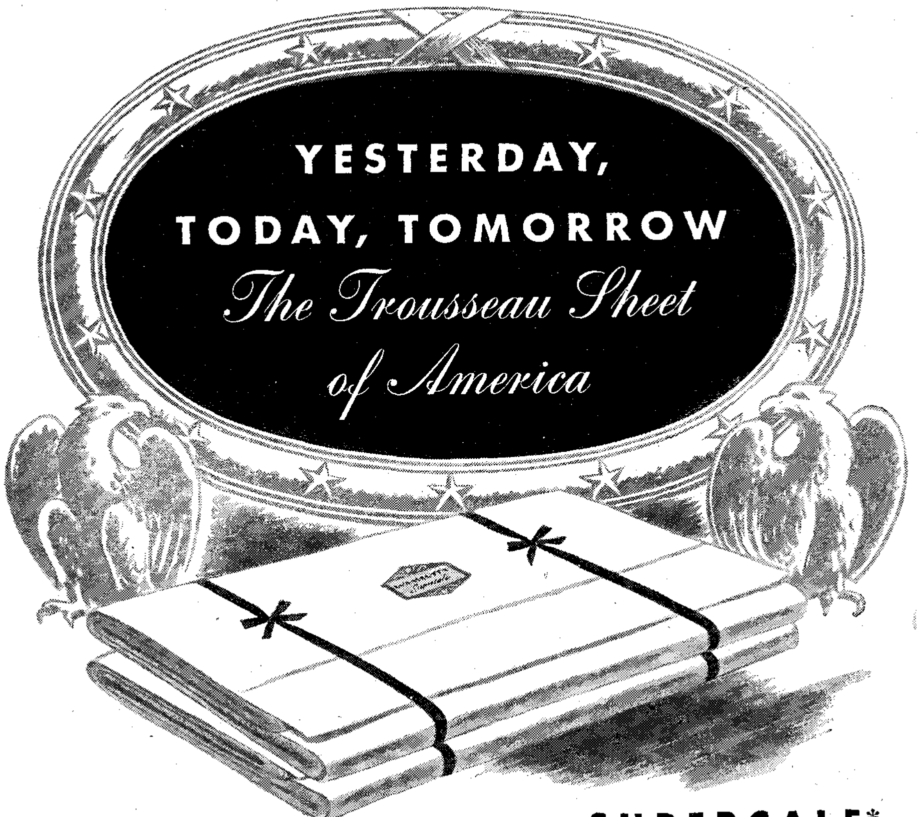

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this last volume but also its two predecessors). She is absolutely a first-rate artist, and what she wants other people to know she imparts to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of prose. The only general opinion on anything which, in her books, she has put on record has been a statement about her craft of prose fiction, and I may quote it—from the foreword to which I have referred—as more to the purpose than anything that the present critic could say. Here is the manifesto of the builder of this solid little sanctuary, so beautifully proportioned and finished, for the queer uncontrollable spirit that it seems to her important to save:

"In the face of such shape and weight of present misfortune, the voice of the individual artist may seem perhaps of no more consequence than the whirring of a cricket in the grass, but the arts do live continuously, and they live literally by faith; their names and their shapes and their uses and their basic meanings survive unchanged in all that matters through times of interruption, diminishment, neglect; they outlive governments and creeds and the societies, even the very civilizations that produced them. They cannot be destroyed altogether because they represent the substance of faith and the only reality. They are what we find again when the ruins are cleared away. And even the smallest and most incomplete offering at this time can be a proud act in defense of that faith." —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FURLOUGH, by Franz Hoellering (Viking). Franz Hoellering, an Austrian journalist in exile, has written one excellent political novel, "The Defenders," on the Socialist uprising in Vienna in 1934. His new book is a disappointment. "The Defenders" was written in German and translated, but "Furlough" was written in English, which the author has learned of recent years but of which his command is still limited, so he tends to fall into clichés. The novel furthermore shows the influence of the American popular magazines: some parts of it appeared in *Redbook*, and there are scenes which seem to have been written with an eye to supplying captions for those melodramatic magazine pictures that show everybody larger than life. With all this, however, Mr. Hoellering has not turned out a quite conventional

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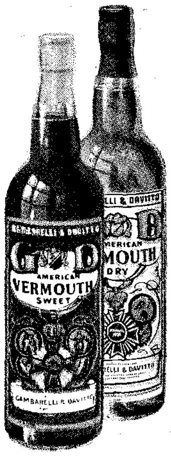

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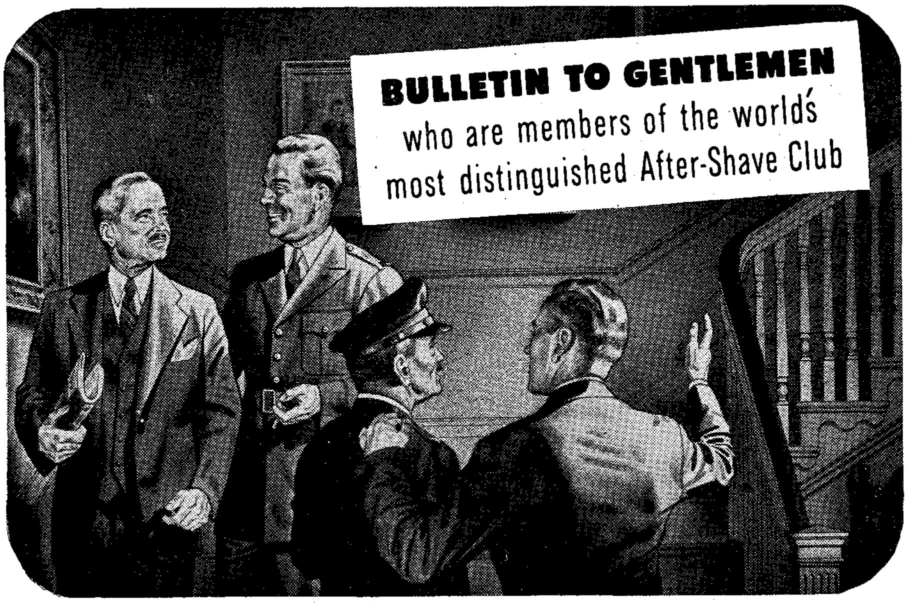
piece of fiction. He has tried to imagine Germany during the war—the intimidation, impoverishment, and final confusion and demoralization of its people—and the love affair at the centre of the story has no reassuring conclusion and only a desperate and precarious fulfilment. The young woman factory worker forfeits her life by an hysterical outbreak against the Nazis, and her lover, a soldier from the Russian front who has gone A.W.O.L. on a stolen pass, is left at the end a hunted vagabond.

IMMORTAL WIFE, by Irving Stone (Doubleday, Doran). A full-length biography of the wife of John Charles Frémont, served up in highly readable fictional form. It's hard to see the charm Mr. Stone apparently finds in Jessie Frémont, an aggressive female who, even as a Washington débutante, was given to talking about "our manifest destiny." She did, however, possess remarkable intelligence and an immense courage, and her fortunes were interwoven with some of the most exciting moments of our country's history. Besides plenty of good, sound facts, the book has romance, adventure, and a lively style—everything, in fact, to make it the darling of the lending libraries.

SEA DUTY, by Jacland Marmur (Holt). Short stories, all but one of them about men and ships in the Pacific since Pearl Harbor. Mr. Marmur writes agreeably if somewhat sentimentally, and a mere landsman can tell that his nautical stuff is authentic, even without the accolade by Lincoln Colcord on the dust jacket.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT, by Philip Wylie (Farrar & Rinehart). The story opens fortissimo with the heroine towing in to the Florida coast the bodies of five sailors, who perished in the same disaster in which her husband lost his life. He comes to haunt her in the lonely old house in which they have lived. Another ghost (an old gentleman whose body lay in the house six months before it was discovered) also operates on the premises and makes things lively for the hero, a likable scientist suffering from incipient epilepsy and in love with the young widow. Getting mixed up? It is all straightened out, as happily as such a situation can be, by a wise psychoanalyst, a hurricane, a fire, the discovery of a hidden letter, and the death of the hero. Mr. Wylie is deadly serious about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all this and he has managed to produce what is in spots a readable novel. The rest is simply a very moral ghost story with fuzzy psychological trimmings.

THE HOLLOW MEN, by Bruce Hutchison (Coward-McCann). Mr. Hutchison, a competent Canadian journalist and an authority on Canadian affairs, has had the poor judgment to set forth in a singularly unsuccessful novel a record of the social and economic problems confronting his country during the war years. His realistic snapshots of political Ottawa, Montreal, and Washington, and of Canadian and American stuffed shirts are, however, interesting if you haven't already had enough of the Inside Everything school of journalistic writing.

GENERAL

A CENTURY OF HERO-WORSHIP, by Eric Russell Bentley (Lippincott). A brilliant, illuminating analysis of the philosophical and literary movement which, for over a hundred years, has tried to establish the "hero" as the prime determinant of history. Mr. Bentley examines the lives and ideas of such hero worshippers as Thomas Carlyle, Friedrich Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, Oswald Spengler, D. H. Lawrence, and George Bernard Shaw, combining biographical detail with critical interpretation in about equal parts. The author doesn't let his own democratic convictions interfere with his appreciation of the pronouncedly non-democratic men he is writing about and, even when he is in complete disagreement with them, never rants or rails. His book is as fine a critical performance as has appeared in a long time and, since he is only twenty-seven, is a fairly remarkable accomplishment.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS, by Miriam Young (Whittlesey House). The "golden age" of vaudeville as recalled by the daughter of a pair of old-time troupers. Mrs. Young has no more idea of how to write than the man in the moon but, simply by loading her book with the detail of backstage life, she manages to capture much of the gaslit atmosphere and Florodora feeling of the era she describes. Vaudeville fanciers should have fun with this one. Illustrated.

OUR SETTLEMENT WITH GERMANY, by H. N. Brailsford (Day). Another book about what to do with Germany. Mr. Brailsford, one of the last

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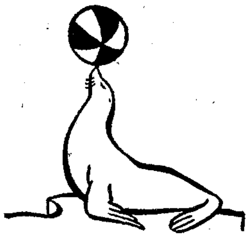

THE APPLAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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survivors of old-guard English liberalism, offers a program that looks toward the inclusion of defeated Germany in the community of nations. His rather familiar arguments are presented with drive and vigor, but he does have that easy omniscience characteristic of his school, and a number of his pronouncements, such as that the defeated Germans "will grasp for the first time what liberalism in the broad sense of the word should mean," may well be no more than wishful thinking. Mr. Brailsford is unquestionably headed in the right direction, but whether he is on the right track is another matter.

THE SAD SACK, by Sgt. George Baker (Simon & Schuster). The adventures of the celebrated Army stumblebum, created by the cartoonist of *Yank*, from whose pages the cartoons which make up this book are taken. Sgt. Baker's Sad Sack is one of the heroes of this war, endlessly buffeted by fate and constantly hotfooted by man, and this book will probably make him as much of a favorite with civilians as he is with soldiers. Sgt. Marion Hargrove contributes an affectionate foreword.

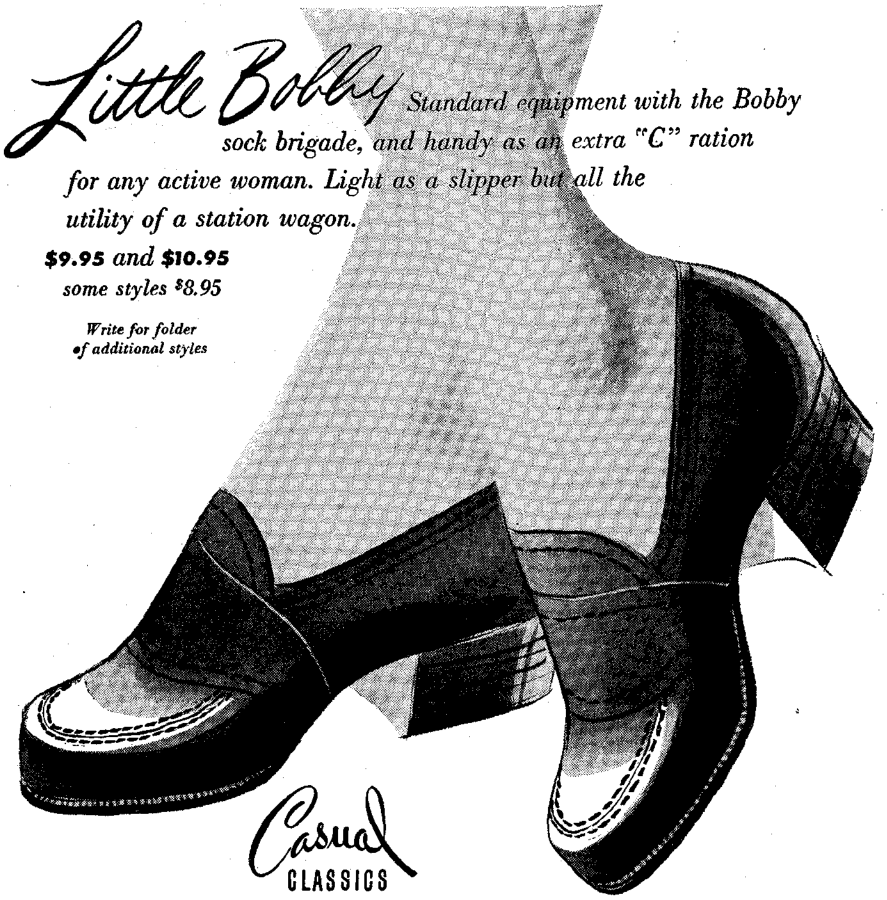
VERSE

DAY OF DELIVERANCE: A BOOK OF POEMS IN WARTIME, by William Rose Benét (Knopf). Verse written hot on the steps of war, in all theatres, even the Russian. Also political poems and satires in the rambunctious style of Kipling, Sir Henry Newbolt, and Alfred Noyes.

NO ROAD BACK: POEMS BY WALTER MEHRING, translated from the German by S. A. De Witt, illustrations by George Grosz (Curl). A long poem and shorter lyrics, written before and after prison camp and exile, by a well-known journalist under the Weimar Republic. Hard-hitting and direct, in their satirico-political way, in the original German, but rather limply translated. English and German texts.

POEMS FROM THE DESERT, by members of the British Eighth Army, with a foreword by General Sir Bernard Montgomery (Harper). Twenty-six pieces of verse and one anonymous prayer, written by officers and men during the fighting in the western African desert early in 1943. Interesting and moving human material, with a certain documentary value.

V-LETTER, by Karl Shapiro (Reynal & Hitchcock). Mr. Shapiro's second



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book, written while he was on active duty in New Guinea the past two years, brilliantly reaffirms his talent. His variety of subject and sharpness of perception, remarkable under any circumstances, are particularly remarkable viewed against the background of war, which is their setting but never their obsession. The author, who is much more than a "war poet," expresses the most complex reaction to the facts of war yet heard from his generation.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER OF A STUFFED SHIRT, by M. V. Heberden (Doubleday, Doran). Desmond Shannon, possibly the most indestructible private detective of our day, is hired by a wealthy Mrs. Armisted to find out who shot her husband during a cocktail party in their New York apartment. Armisted, it seems, was about to reveal the details of a draft-evasion racket to the F.B.I., whose members work along with Shannon on the case but tire a good deal more easily. Tough, honest, and fast.

ALL FALL DOWN, by L. A. G. Strong (Doubleday, Doran). Inspector Ellis McKay of Scotland Yard, on vacation in the West of England, thinks there is something suspicious about the death of Matt Baildon, a bad-tempered old bibliophile whose heart gave out when a lot of his rare books fell on top of him. The Inspector doesn't get much coöperation in his investigation, but follows through anyhow, in his somewhat too humorous manner. A plausible story, recommended for those interested in the small complexities of English village life.

OLD MRS. CAMELOT, by Emery Bonett (Blakiston). The residents of Croomhill Terrace, in the English town of Croome, go around hinting that Robina Adams murdered temperamental old Mrs. Camelot, who took her in when she couldn't find a billet and left her her money in the bargain. Miss Adams, with the help of her young man, sets about clearing her name. A rather helter-skelter plot, but excellent wartime atmosphere.

•

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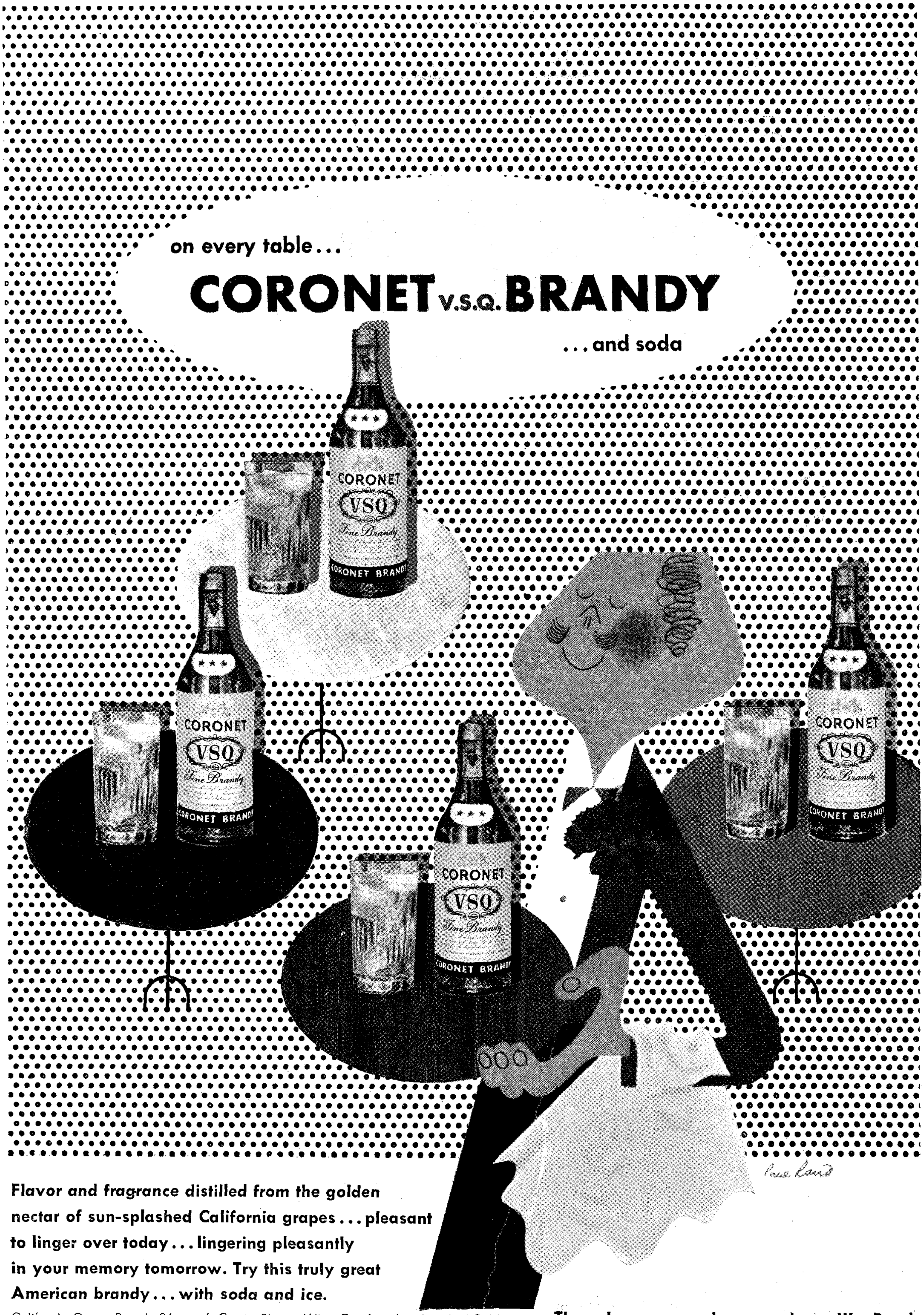
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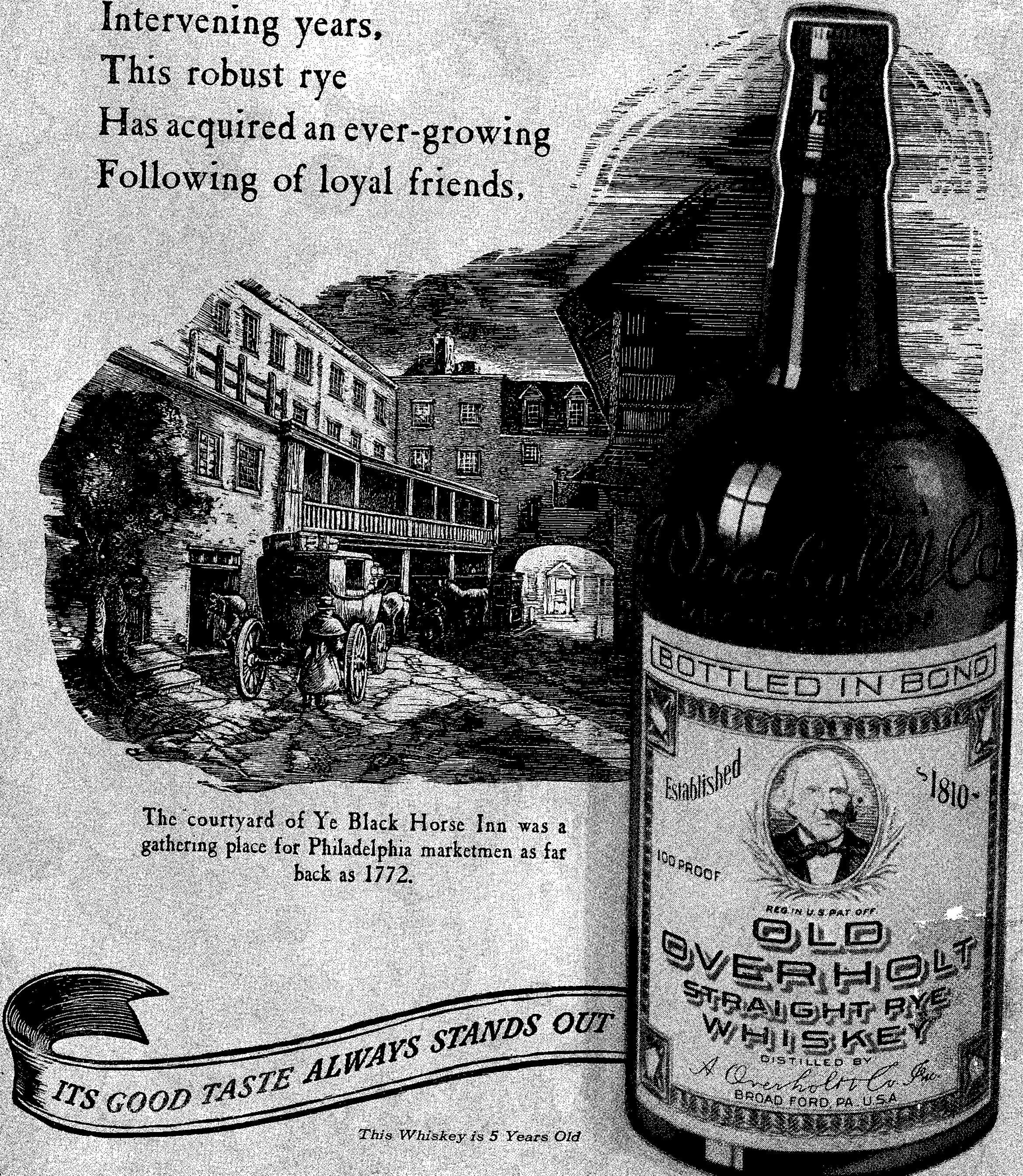
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